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REVIEWS

Life of Joseph Brant—Thayendanegea: including the Border Wars of the American Revolution, &c. By William L. Stone. 2 vols. New York, Dearborn & Co.; London, Wiley & Putnam.

To us, personally, Mr. Stone's book came like the face of a familiar friend—for not merely from the more general histories of the War of Independence, but from the private memoirs of Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Bleeker, (a copy of whose work, it appears, our author was not able to meet with among her descendants!) Madame de Riedesel, and the narratives and pamphlets published at the time, the details of the Border War were long since familiar to us. Much, however, that was then written, was coloured and exaggerated by the fears and sufferings of the parties, and it was high time that a sober and impartial history should be compiled. Mr. Stone appears to have set himself seriously and laboriously to the task, and his good fortune has been proportionate to his deserts; considering the peculiar difficulties of the case, especially the want of documentary evidence among the Indians, as well as the carelessness with which historical material is so generally (though naturally enough) treated by the Americans themselves, who seem to be as yet too busy in acting their history, to think much about writing it, or of its ever being written. It is with nations collectively as with individuals, who, the more adventurous or dramatic their career, are the less likely to make preparations, and take precautions for having justice done them by the world. Few eminent men have been, in this respect, as considerate as Washington and Walter Scott. The majority live as if they were never to die. They lose sight of the future in the present. They may have time enough to write the lives of anybody or everybody else, but not their own. And so with a nation: so with the Americans. The idea has only of late occurred to them—it is by no means become practically familiar to the national mind—that they have a history; that, dating from the discovery by Columbus only, and letting alone the Northmen and the "Aborigines," they possess a decent pedigree of three centuries and a half; and that for the last two of these centuries they have been an active and history-making people (*materiel-making*, we mean, of course). This circumstance accounts for the negligence to which we refer. They have not only been too busy for literature in general (as we have often observed), but they have not had leisure to bring home to themselves the realization, as it were, of how long they actually have lived, and what they have been doing all the while. They know it in theory indeed—they think of it now and then; at least some of them do;—it figures occasionally in an oration on the Fourth of July: but that is the "be all and the end all"—their historiography is done on that day for the whole year. The future is a far greater favourite with them than the past. The Fourth of July Orations, looked at in the mass, show us how much better the Americans like to press forward than to look behind. This, though natural, is neither politic nor wise. Let the present generation do its duty to the present age, and the future will

be able to take care of itself. The best self-care of each succeeding period is the greatest benevolence and justice to all that follow. We owe this, and no more, to our successors. There is a shadow of sense in the churlishness of the fellow who declined planting trees "for posterity." "Posterity!" said he, "what has posterity done for me?" But the parallel is not complete; we must do something for posterity; we must at least preserve the records of the past. We must transmit, as faithful trustees, what we have received for the purpose of transmittal. We must keep alive the trees that are planted—the old family heir-looms—if we add nothing to the property to pay for the use of it, or to show that we had some sense of what is generous, not to say what is just. In brief, the Americans cannot do justice to their descendants any more than to themselves—and we omit now all consideration of other parties concerned—without doing justice to their forefathers. These forefathers, too, have done something for them; and that is another good argument to the purpose. They have done much—never did a nation's founders do more, or deserve better. Never were men's lives, never was a people's history better worth writing than theirs. Never were richer materials provided for the purpose, by the subjects of the record. They were writing as well as fighting men. They knew the value of history. They thought of their posterity and of themselves. We have been assured that the garrets of many of the old mansions of the American worthies are strewn, to this day, with their manuscripts. The Americans, in a word, can write their history more easily than any other people. They can trace it from its source, and it is all worth tracing. There is every inducement and encouragement for having it done speedily, thoroughly, and well; and yet it is not done, though Mr. Bancroft (see No. 356), and Mr. Jared Sparks (see No. 326), and others, are labouring worthily in the good cause. The very circumstances which make it, as we have shown, so much a duty to put on record and preserve the past life of America, (we refer, of course, specially to the United States,) renders this, in point of fact, as difficult a consummation as it is desirable. America is in the working stage of her existence: the remembering and recording period is yet to come.

Meanwhile, however, let us make these remarks correct, by further qualifications. It would be a pity, indeed, if what we have said were literally true. It is clear, for example, that something must have been done to preserve at least the materials of history; there must have been some "gathering up the fragments that remain;" else the writing period we speak of never could come. We are glad to see, therefore, strong symptoms of the revival of letters, we were going to say, in America; we mean, rather, their birth,—at least their first, fair, earnest, systematic beginning. Several valuable societies exist in the different States, generally under the name of Historical Societies, whose express and exclusive object is to preserve this raw material, of the abundance and importance of which we have spoken. Of these, the Massachusetts Society took the lead, and we have, on our library shelves, some twenty-five or more octavo volumes of their "Collections," many of them exceedingly curious and interest-

ing.* Similar associations exist in New York, New Hampshire, Maine, and other States. From all these very much may be expected. This is matter of hearty congratulation on our side as well as theirs. The cause is a common one between all civilized nations: with England it is indeed eminently so. The Americans cannot have a deeper interest, whether speculative or practical, in our history, than we in theirs. Everything American is substantially British. The differences are superficial, the resemblances and the sympathies ingrain. This the people of Great Britain are beginning to understand and feel more emphatically every year, as in mere theory, of course, it has always been understood, if not much felt. The intercourse between the two nations, grown so intimate and so important within the last twenty, the last ten years,—nay, the last six months—makes us "think of these things" as they never were thought of before. The day is fast coming, we dare predict, when it will be commonly considered, as it is in reality, the great fact of facts in American history, that her people sprang from British stock; and in our own, that we stand in paternal relationship to the Americans. Then and now, more and more, all that is said and done on either side, all that has been, all that is yet to be, will concern both parties. It will not merely interest them intellectually, or as a matter of news between neighbours, customers, debtors and creditors, old acquaintances, and (we trust) fast friends. This is well; but this may happen between any other nations. It may happen between England and France, as the two champions, the Marshal and the Duke, have been prophesying of late: we ardently hope, of course, that it will. But, between ourselves and the United States it must. Blood alone, we are aware, will not do. Were that enough, it would have done so before. The last war would not have been fought: the first one would not;—nay, America (as she is) would never have existed. The pilgrims would not have been forced to forsake the land they loved so well, to found in the desert a British Empire of their own. One blood would have kept us one nation—one, even though sundered. In due time, indeed, and under auspicious circumstances,—induced instead of driven, colonies might have gone forth, and fresh countries sprung up and flourished on many a foreign shore, but they would not then have gone to lead the career which America has led, or to have the history she shows. The whole first series, as we may call it, of that career and history would never have been devoted, as essentially it was, to cherishing their infant growth into strength sufficient, hardly sufficient, for a deadly, a desperate, a rancorous struggle—a civil war to the knife (such as the Border wars in these volumes give us some notion of)—a war for seven long years, between this proud and hasty stripling, and that dear, indulgent fatherland which England should have been: nor the whole of the second series of that same existence—the age of American independence established, as distinguished from that of American independence intended (as, in our opinion, it clearly was intended)—been devoted, as it has been, to the outliving the ten thousand despicable and deplorable, natural, yet most unnatural prejudices which that struggle itself, and the

* This work is not sufficiently known in England,—indeed, three or four years since it was not to be procured in London, and we had to send to America for a copy.

deeply-working causes that led to it, gradually encouraged, and finally fostered into luxuriant rankness. No! it was not in blood alone, we repeat, to resist all these causes: were it so, it would never have been in that same blood to create them. But, great as the mistakes of those days were, great as the mischief they produced has been, let us hope their penalty is nearly paid. Let us congratulate ourselves and each other that we see many indications that it is so; and not indications only, but pledges of a sacred and fraternal peace, given and taken with equal eagerness on either side.

But the speculations awakened by this history of an unnatural war, have led us far away from the immediate subject under consideration. Once again, then, we commend Mr. Stone for his diligent research, and congratulate him on the good fortune which has attended his labours: he has, by a careful and discriminating reference to contemporary authorities, public and private, published and in manuscript, compiled a memoir which may worthily take its place on our library shelves, and will be invaluable hereafter in America. It is not possible for us to go into a minute examination of a work filled with details concerning a struggle which, after all, was but the skirmishing part of a great battle. It will be best, therefore, for us to dwell only on such incidents as from their connexion with our own history or literature will be most generally interesting.

Thayendanegea, notwithstanding the reproach attached to his better known name of Brant, by Mr. Campbell, in his beautiful poem of Gertrude of Wyoming, was anything rather than the heartless savage the poet would lead us to imagine. This at least it has been Mr. Stone's purpose to prove. He goes, indeed, much further, and strips the Indian war of half its cruelties, which he says, and indeed in some instances proves, were mere exaggerations for party purposes. The historian of the period may be excused for a little more than ordinary scepticism, when so calm and conscientious a man as Benjamin Franklin is found numbered among the fabricators, as in the instance of Captain Gerrish's well known invoice of scalps sent to Col. Haldimand, now proved to have been a pure creation of the philosopher's brain. As concerns Brant—his connexion and close intimacy with Sir William Johnson (it was indeed a common opinion that he was his son), his education under one Dr. Wheelock, who was employed by the Baronet to train and civilize the young Mohawks,—his subsequent relations with the missionaries at Canagoharie, seem to place it past doubt that one of a spirit at once so quick and keen as his, must, from his position, have possessed knowledge drawn from a much larger circle than usually surrounded his tribe's council fire. This, indeed, is proved by the following letter, found among the papers of Mr. Eddy, and containing many of his opinions. Here, in spite of strong nationality, will be found an acuteness, and a power of balancing facts, far beyond the reach of the Logans and the Philips, whose unlettered eloquence has been too widely accepted by us, as a manifestation of the Indian intellect in its highest state of native development.

"To give you entire satisfaction I must, I perceive, enter into the discussion of a subject on which I have often thought. My thoughts were my own, and being so different from the ideas entertained among your people, I should certainly have carried them with me to the grave, had I not received your obliging favour.

"You ask me, then, whether in my opinion civilization is favourable to human happiness? In answer to the question, it may be answered, that there are degrees of civilization, from Cannibals to the most polite of European nations. The question is not, then, whether a degree of refinement is not conducive

to happiness; but whether you, or the natives of this land, have obtained this happy medium. On this subject we are at present, I presume, of very different opinions. You will, however, allow me in some respects to have had the advantage of you in forming my sentiments. I was, Sir, born of Indian parents, and lived while a child among those whom you are pleased to call savages; I was afterwards sent to live among the white people, and educated at one of your schools; since which period I have been honoured much beyond my deserts, by an acquaintance with a number of principal characters both in Europe and America. After all this experience, and after every exertion to divest myself of prejudice, I am obliged to give my opinion in favour of my own people. I will now, as much as I am able, collect together, and set before you, some of the reasons that have influenced my judgment on the subject now before us. In the government you call civilized, the happiness of the people is constantly sacrificed to the splendour of the empire. Hence your codes of criminal and civil laws have had their origin; hence your dungeons and prisons. I will not enlarge on an idea so singular in civilized life, and perhaps disagreeable to you, and will only observe, that among us we have no prisons; we have no pompous parade of courts; we have no written laws; and yet judges are as highly revered amongst us as they are among you, and their decisions are as much regarded.

"Property, to say the least, is as well guarded, and crimes are as impartially punished. We have among us no splendid villains above the control of our laws. Daring wickedness is here never suffered to triumph over helpless innocence. The estates of widows and orphans are never devoured by enterprising sharpers. In a word, we have no robbery under the colour of law. No person among us desires any other reward for performing a brave and worthy action, but the consciousness of having served his nation. Our wise men are called Fathers; they truly sustain that character. They are always accessible, I will not say to the meanest of our people, for we have none mean but such as render themselves so by their vices.

"The palaces and prisons among you form a most dreadful contrast. Go to the former places, and you will see perhaps a deformed piece of earth assuming airs that become none but the Great Spirit above. Go to one of your prisons; here description utterly fails! Kill them, if you please; kill them, too, by tortures; but let the torture last no longer than a day. Those you call savages, relent; the most furious of our tormentors exhausts his rage in a few hours, and dispatches his unhappy victim with a sudden stroke. Perhaps it is eligible that incorrigible offenders should sometimes be cut off. Let it be done in a way that is not degrading to human nature. Let such unhappy men have an opportunity, by their fortitude, of making an atonement in some measure for the crimes they have committed during their lives.

"But for what are many of your prisoners confined?—for debt!—astonishing!—and will you ever again call the Indian nations cruel? Liberty, to a rational creature, as much exceeds property as the light of the sun does that of the most twinkling star. But you put them on a level, to the everlasting disgrace of civilization. I knew, while I lived among the white people, many of the most amiable contract debts, and I dare say with the best intentions. Both parties at the time of the contract expect to find their advantage. The debtor, we will suppose, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes, fails; here is no crime, nor even a fault; and yet your laws put it in the power of the creditor to throw the debtor into prison and confine him there for life! a punishment infinitely worse than death to a brave man! And I seriously declare, I had rather die by the most severe tortures ever inflicted on this continent, than languish in one of your prisons for a single year. Great Spirit of the Universe!—and do you call yourselves Christians? Does then the religion of Him whom you call your Saviour, inspire this spirit, and lead to these practices? Surely no. It is recorded of him, that a bruised reed he never broke. Cease, then, to call yourselves Christians, lest you publish to the world your hypocrisy. Cease, too, to call other nations savage, when you are tenfold more the children of cruelty than they."

As we have, almost without intending it, followed Mr. Stone's trail, and, with him, become interested to rescue the "monster Brant" from the epithet of obloquy so long attached to his name, we must not omit to remind the reader, that in 1776, the year before Thayendanegea was acknowledged chief of the Six Nations, and, as such, took a decided lead in Indian warfare, he had visited London, been received at Court, admitted to the intimacy of the Bishop of London and Charles Fox, lionized by the indefatigable Boszzy, "to whose net all that came seemed fish," and was painted in his native dress by Romney for the Earl of Warwick. From the scanty notices of this visit, which Mr. Stone has been able to gather, we find that Brant was thought to have "little of the ferocity of his people in his countenance; and when, as he ordinarily did, he wore the European dress, there was nothing besides his colour to mark wherein he differed from other men." A strange contrast, these ceremonials and drawing-room courtesies, to the tragic scenes enacted at Cherry Valley, and at the village

On Sasquehanna's side—fair Wyoming.

In the latter beautiful spot we are disposed to rest, in pursuance of the plan laid down. To paint its natural features, Campbell has collected all his choicest imagery; he did not tell, however, that the valley must always have been a favourite spot with the aborigines, and, as such, a subject of dispute; that "from the remains of the fortifications discovered there, so ancient that the largest oaks and pines have struck root upon the ramparts and in the entrenchments, it must have once been the seat of power." Neither among the picturesque and peaceful associations of the place, accumulated by him when describing its inhabitants, "the timbrel beneath the forests brown," and "the Andalusian saraband," did our poet number a sound, heard there at an earlier period,—the voice of that mild but zealous dreamer, Zinzendorf, who "pitched his tent at Wyoming, on commencing his Christian labours among the Shawanese, where he was saved from assassination by the superstitious awe excited in the Indian, who had crept to his tent door with murderous purpose, on seeing a large rattle-snake pass over the missionary without striking him. A white colony was planted in the Wyoming valley in the year 1753, but, in consequence of numerous contests and obstacles, it was not till 1762 that the settlers were enabled to maintain a foot-hold. And far from the truth is the assertion, that before the border war—

scarce had Wyoming, of war or crime

Heard—

For in April 1763, the colonists from Connecticut, there settled, were charged with aiding in the murder of Fadenskund, an old Delaware chief, who had embraced the Christian religion; and by way of retaliation, the Delawares descended upon the village, early in the Indian summer, while the men were at work in the fields, burned their dwellings, killed twenty persons, and took some prisoners. While, again, owing to some disputes about title, in the year 1769, the governor of Pennsylvania attempted to dispossess the colonists of their heritage,—his troop "plundering the whole colony, destroying their fields of grain, killing their cattle, and laying their whole settlement in ruin; so that seventeen families were obliged to fly from starvation." And during the whole following year, we read of constant struggles between the invaders and the invaded to gain undisputed possession of this much-coveted haunt. Nay, the rival claimants were scarcely appeased in the year 1775, "when, just after hostilities had been commenced between the colonies and the British troops at Lexington, the old feuds be-

between the settlers of rival companies broke out again. * * So that as the men of Wyoming flew to arms, a more formidable civil war than ever was in prospect, at the moment when every arm should have been nerved in the common cause of the whole country." This is somewhat different from the delicious picture of harmony and prosperity given us in the earlier stanzas of Mr. Campbell's poem. In considering his subject, the same artist's eye, which induced him to reject all the disturbances which preceded that "evil hour,"—when (to quote his own preface) "the junction of European with Indian arms converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste," led him naturally to ascribe to a wrong source the barbarity of the invaders, who chose it for a scene of massacre. Yet the truth is terrible enough.

But as far as "the monster Brant" is concerned, our argument of mitigation is rendered needless, by the fact, that "so far from being engaged in the battle, he was many miles distant at the time of its occurrence. Such has been the uniform testimony of the British officers engaged in the expedition, and such was always the word of Thayendanegea himself." Many years afterwards, the heir to his name,—himself a man of education and some refinement, (*vide* the testimonies of Hall and Buchanan, both of whom visited him at "Brant Hall,") took the opportunity to impress upon the poet the injustice of which the latter had been guilty, and to obtain from his hands a reparation, which was but scanty as compared with the occasion,—if we are to put faith in the body of testimony adduced by Mr. Stone, not merely with respect to the part taken by his hero in the Wyoming affair, but in most of the duties and vicissitudes of a long and responsible life.

When the war was over, and the old chief laid by his tomahawk and his war-belt, he was busily occupied among his own people for their government and instruction; and was constantly thrown into council and companionship of the whites. Many interesting anecdotes concerning these meetings are amassed by Mr. Stone towards the close of his work. We know not how better to illustrate this period of his life, than by extracting some of the letters which passed between Brant and the late Duke of Northumberland, who, as Earl Percy, had served in the American war, and been admitted as a chief among the Mohawks. The latter part of the Duke's reply, referring to the attempt to convert the Indians from hunters and warriors to husbandmen, is exceedingly curious and interesting, and, let philosophy or philanthropy say what it will, is not without some truth.

"Capt. Brant to the Duke of Northumberland.
"Grand River, Jan. 21, 1806.

"My Lord Duke,—The kind and affectionate letter I received from your Grace, has deeply penetrated our hearts with a sense of the honour you confer on the Five Nations in the sincere regard you express for their welfare; and we hope that our future conduct, and that of our descendants, may never fail to cause such sentiments to be cherished in the noble hearts of the leaders of the British nation. For, however wounding to our feelings, or detrimental to our interests, may be the treatment we have received, and yet continue to receive, in this country, our reliance on the fatherly protection of his Majesty, and the confidence we have ever placed in the humanity, love of justice, and honour of your nation, is not weakened. The reason of my having delayed so long writing to your Grace, is, that from the arrival of a new governor, I received some hopes that what respects our land affairs might have been accomplished to our satisfaction in this country. But these hopes are now vanished—for appearances give me reason to apprehend that the old council, (principally composed of men influenced by an insatiable avarice for lands,) have so prejudiced his Excellency against us, as to disappoint what other-

wise we might have expected from the innate benevolence of our father's representative. It is therefore the determination of the real chiefs and faithful warriors to comply with the brotherly advice of your Grace. Therefore, either both of us, or Teyoninhokarawen, shall make another attempt in England, invested with full powers from our nations, in writing, according to European customs, which your distance and our situation at present render absolutely necessary. Some small difficulties necessitate delay, or we would immediately be on the road. His Excellency has expressed that he will only hear from us through Mr. Claus, the head of the Indian Department, who is our implacable enemy; and from what has already passed, we are well assured will do every thing in his power to thwart our success. Previous to receiving any speech, he requests that we give him a copy of it; but himself, when he pretended, last of all, to make a defence to what we had expressed at Niagara in July, in reference to his having deceived the British ministry by the improper names sent to England to thwart the mission of Teyoninhokarawen, he read his speech in such a low voice that it could only be heard by those who sat next to him, and afterwards refused to give us a copy of it. So we remain as ignorant of what he alleged in his defence, as if he had made no speech. The same confidence in the good faith of our allies, which animated my courage to persevere in the most trying situations during the war, and exhort to a similar perseverance those whom extraordinary difficulties, or American intrigue, might stagger, yet encourages me to hope for justice, notwithstanding the clouds that shade us from it. Mr. Wyatt, Surveyor General of this province, does me the favour to take this. The copy of the speech delivered at Niagara last July, Teyoninhokarawen sent you several months ago; so I hope you have received it by this time. With the sincerest respect and gratitude, I remain, Your Grace's Faithful friend and Brother warrior.

"JOS. BRANT, *Thayendanegea*.
"His grace the Duke of Northumberland, *Thorighwaegeri*."

"The Duke of Northumberland to Captain Brant.
Northumberland House, 8th May, 1806.

"My very good Friend and Brother Warrior:—I have received safely your letter of the 24th January, which reached me on the 23rd of last month, with all that pleasure which is naturally felt by one friend when he receives a letter from another friend. I am happy to find that the interest I took in the affairs of the Five Nations has been acceptable to their Board, as I am by being one of their community. They may rest assured I shall always be happy to assist them to the utmost of my power. I was very sorry that the zeal of my brother Teyoninhokarawen failed of success; but I can assure you and the Chiefs of the Five Nations, that it was not for want of constant attention and the most unremitting zeal on his part. No person could possibly execute the mission on which he was sent, with more ability than he did. It is only a piece of justice due to him, to desire you to mention this to the General Council when they meet. The names of those who gave credit to Mr. Claus's fictitious counsel, are washed out from the administration of this country, and a more sensible set of ministers are appointed in their room, and I think those who now fill the high offices of State in this kingdom, would listen to the wishes of our brethren in the Five Nations. I shall be happy if I can be of service in procuring for them the accomplishment of their wishes. But before I attempt anything, I must desire clearly to understand what are the wishes of the Five Nations. Do they desire to have a confirmation of the grant of Sir Frederick Haldimand and (if possible) to have it under the Great Thayendanegea, &c. with the Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland? Would they consent, (if such a thing is proposed) to have a clause inserted in the confirming grant declaring the grant to be vacated, if the Five Nations should at any time part with the territory thus granted to them, either to the Americans, or to any other nation of Indians, or to any other person or persons not being of the Five Nations, or a British subject, without the consent of the crown of Great Britain? I mention this circumstance, because I think something of this kind was hinted at by Mr. Cooke, and the improper manner in which it was

stated, gave reason to suppose that the Five Nations could not alienate it, or any part of it, from one Indian of the Five Nations to another Indian of the Five Nations, which never was intended to be prevented. I should, however, advise that either yourself, Teyoninhokarawen, or some other chief, should come over, properly authorized by the chiefs, to transact and finally settle all this business. There are a number of well-meaning persons here, who are very desirous of forming a society to better (as they call it,) the condition of our nation, by converting us from hunters and warriors into husbandmen. Let me strongly recommend it to you, and the rest of our chiefs, not to listen to such a proposition. Let our young men never exchange their liberty, and manly exercises, to become hewers of wood and drawers of water. If they will teach our women to spin and to weave, this would be of use; but to endeavour to enervate our young men by doing nothing but tilling the earth, would be the greatest injury they could do the Five Nations. Nine hundred or a thousand warriors, enured to hardship by hunting, are a most respectable and independent body; but what would the same number of men become who were merely husbandmen? They would hardly rate a small parish, seeking for protection from others, scarcely heard of and known, and obliged tamely to submit to laws and regulations made by other people, and incapable of defending themselves. If you want an example of what the Five Nations would soon become, look only at the Stockbridge Indians. They, like us, were once a noble and formidable tribe; they now are less than women. Some of the persons who propose this plan, have their own private reasons. They wish to go over among you, and when they have collected you together in order to teach you to cultivate the ground, they will then show you how very small a part of the land granted you is sufficient for to supply your wants, and will next endeavour to prevail upon you to grant them the remainder, in gratitude for the trouble they have had in instructing you in agriculture. No, my dear friend and brother warrior, never suffer yourself, or your Chiefs, to be induced by their plausible arguments. If you do, remember I now foretell that you will become a poor, dependent, and insignificant body, instead of continuing a free, warlike, and independent nation as we now are. I wish to see the Christian religion, sobriety, and good morals, prevail among our nation; but let us continue free and independent as the air that blows upon us; let us continue hunters and warriors, capable of enforcing respect, and doing ourselves justice; but let us never submit to become the tillers of land, hewers of wood, and drawers of water, by the false and interested advice of those who, from being our pretended friends, would soon become our imperious masters. Accept this, my good friend and brother warrior, from one who wishes the Five Nations ever to continue a formidable nation, commanding respect from all its neighbours, and who interests himself most sincerely in their welfare. Say every thing proper for me to my brother Chiefs, and believe me, your faithful friend and brother warrior,
"NORTHUMBERLAND, *Thorighwaegeri*.

"Dezonhighkor (Lord Percy) desires to return his thanks, and to offer his compliments to you and to Teyoninhokarawen, (Norton,) to whom I desire you to give my compliments likewise, I have received his letter, and will write to him by this mail, if I possibly can."

We have sufficiently indicated the line taken by Mr. Stone in describing the exploits of his hero. Perhaps the incident in *Thayendanegea's* biography most revolting to a civilized reader, and most calculated to justify the poet's character of the chief, was the death wound given by him to his eldest son,—whose debaucheries, however, and brutalities, are stated to have been so ceaseless and unmeasured as would have irritated one of far calmer passions than Brant. In the other members of his family he was more fortunate; almost his last words were contained in a charge to his adopted nephew, Teyoninhokarawen: "Have pity on the poor Indians: if you can get any influence with the great, endeavour to do them all the good you can." He was sixty-four years and eight months old when

he died. On the 24th of November 1807, "his remains were removed to the Mohawk village on the Grand River, and interred by the side of the church which he had built."

Remarks on an Article in the Edinburgh Review, No. 135, on the Times of George the Third and George the Fourth. By Sir Herbert Taylor, G.C.B. Murray.

THAT Sir Herbert Taylor, so long the confidential servant and friend of the royal family, should come forward in their defence against the writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, is natural enough—although we are of opinion that it would have been wiser to have left the question to the impartial verdict of the public. An undefended cause has a generous advocate in every honest man: the personal soreness and bitterness of the writer of the article was manifest enough; and large and liberal allowance would have been made by the considerate reader: but when others, whose zeal, ability, and cognizance of facts are indisputable, have spoken in reply, a cold and deliberate balancing of evidence and argument must determine the question; and we confess, that, with all his earnestness and sincere goodwill to the cause, Sir Herbert Taylor leaves it much where he found it. He is a mere witness to character, and certainly not more impartial than the person whose evidence he impugns: indeed, so far as George the Fourth is concerned, he begins and ends by saying nothing—at least to the purpose. The delay in the appearance of these Remarks, has been occasioned by Sir H. Taylor's absence from England, without any fixed residence on the continent; so that some time elapsed after the publication of the Review before it reached him. We shall not quote the character of George the Third as drawn by the reviewer,—it was extensively circulated at the time, through the political papers,—but confine ourselves to the vindication.

"King George the Third had not enjoyed the advantage of a good education. He himself admitted that it had been much neglected; and he regretted it, especially as his early accession to the throne had rendered very difficult the recovery of the time lost, or misapplied, in the preceding years. But he did attempt it. He read much that was useful, and, above all, he applied his mind to the study of the history of his own country, and to that of the laws, rules, and constitution by which he felt that he was to be directed in the government of the people of which Providence had intrusted the rule to him; and in this study he was aided by an excellent memory, and by that firmness of purpose for which the writer of the article gives him credit, while he distorts its application. His attention to the administrative duties of his station was zealous and unremitting; and, from this and his intercourse with his ministers and others officially employed, his Majesty acquired a knowledge of the business of the country, in every department and in all their details, such as, perhaps, no one man ever possessed. It may be remarked, also, that, during many years, his Majesty had not any one to assist him in his epistolary communications, nay, not even in what may be called the mechanical parts of it; that, in fact, he had not recourse to the aid of a private secretary, until blindness rendered it indispensable."

"King George the Third had strong prejudices on some points, and to many of these he obstinately adhered to the last; but they applied chiefly to subjects and objects of comparatively trifling import, matter of taste and opinion, in which he might be considered right or wrong, as taste and opinion agreed with or differed from his own. In the discharge of his 'kingly office,' he was honest and conscientious. No sovereign knew better the extent of the power which the constitution assigned to him; and, if a firm determination to uphold and to maintain unimpaired that which had been thus lawfully confided to him can be called obstinacy and selfishness, the imputation would be just. If an earnest desire to adhere, in the administration of that power, to no-

tions and conclusions founded on principles which appeared to him correct, and the application of them to public measures, and to the selection of individuals for high office, can be called prejudice, that imputation also would attach: but this is matter of opinion. The author of the article holds and asserts one adverse to his Majesty: but the course pursued by the King, during a long reign, received the support and the approbation of persons of distinguished character and talent, of the legislative bodies, and of the great mass of the community. He was beloved by his people, and the memory of 'Good King George' is revered."

On the charge that George the Third was proud, unforgiving, cold-hearted, &c., Sir H. T. observes:

"I defy the author of this libel to produce any act or proceeding of King George the Third, or any circumstance connected with his conduct during his long reign, which can justify the odious colouring given to it, or the endeavour to supply history with a record which shall consign that monarch to its pages with a stain so foul and so disgraceful. I say 'the endeavour to supply history;' for writings of this power and character, so introduced, are but as chaff cast to the wind."

"Had not the writer of the article introduced the words, 'his will thwarted,' he might seek to plead that he meant this odious trait of character to have been manifested only where prerogative was 'concerned' and 'bigotry interfered with;' but he has added, 'or his will thwarted;' and that, in fact, embraces everything. I apprehend the word prerogative, if it mean anything, to be descriptive of the power and the privileges given to the sovereign by the constitution; and I admit that King George the Third did consider it his duty to uphold these; and I venture to say, that the firmness he displayed in the maintenance of them was praiseworthy, inasmuch as it rested on principle. This remark applies equally to what is called bigotry, which was, in fact, a conscientious desire to uphold the Protestant religion as by law established, and which his Majesty had sworn to maintain. Here, again, he was actuated by principle, and by the dictates of his conscience, the strong influence of which may perhaps have carried him beyond the line of prudence and expediency: but his motives were pure, his intentions were honest, his conviction was sincere and firm. He may have erred in judgment; but we have yet to learn that, in the course pursued on this or other points, he laid himself open to the charge of harbouring or acting upon any one of the degrading feelings which, according to the writer of the article, 'took possession of his whole breast, and swayed it by turns.'"

"His Majesty's conduct throughout the American war, and towards the Irish people, his treatment of the Prince of Wales, are adduced as illustrative of the 'dark side of his public character.' One would imagine that the writer, in his reference to the American war and to the Irish people, was animadverting upon the conduct of an absolute monarch, and not upon that of a Sovereign whose power is circumscribed by a free constitution, and who is one of three estates, acting by and with the advice of the other two. The government for the time being were the constitutional advisers of the Crown, and responsible for the advice they gave."

"King George the Third might, or might not, have approved the principle on which the contest with America was prosecuted and the measures pursued; but both would necessarily result from the advice tendered by his confidential servants, and it is not fair now to throw upon him the blame of the errors which may have been committed. After all, this again is a question of opinion, and many may not be disposed to take the 'dark view.'"

It appears to us, that throughout, Sir Herbert Taylor loses sight of the great questions at issue, and considers the subject merely in reference to the character of an individual, and the feelings of his family. Much that is here said for example, is mere words, founded on a constitutional fiction, and in notorious opposition to recorded facts. Some three years since, we published in this journal (No. 393), abstracts of, and extracts from, the confidential correspondence of George the Third with Lord North—a series of letters

extending from 1774 to 1783—which were conclusive on the subject: extracts from the very correspondence since referred to by the reviewer, the publication of which, he tells us, "would put the very existence of the constitution in jeopardy, so full is it of a fierce, tyrannical disposition," and which correspondence, he says, "now lies before us."

"I do not attempt to deny that George the Third's disapprobation of the line of politics adopted by the Prince, and of many things in the course pursued by H.R.H., amounted to dislike; but I do not admit that it ever amounted 'to hatred scarcely consistent with the supposition of a sound mind, or to implacable aversion.' There may have been faults on both sides; but some perhaps think that the chief fault was with those who encouraged the son and successor to throw himself into the hands of his father's adversaries, and to give his countenance and support to their opposition."

"The calamity with which it pleased the Almighty to visit George the Third, and under which he closed his life, is by the author of the article more than once adverted to, as if he meant to establish that his Majesty was, at no time, of sound mind. If such be the intention, I am bound to protest against the admission of that for which there was not the slightest foundation. All know that when his Majesty laboured under that lamentable visitation, the functions of his kingly office were suspended. When relieved from it, and restored to his functions, no person could be more calm or collected, more capable of giving a cool and dispassionate consideration to any and every question that was brought before him: nor can it be allowed that the view which he took of those of superior import, betrayed either a narrow mind or a hasty judgment, while there was in his character sufficient of decision and firmness to arrive, in matters which required his fiat or his veto, at a conclusion, without resorting to the advice or the opinion of others. When the change of administration took place in 1807, his Majesty took counsel from himself only in the communications with those with whom he differed; and I am warranted in saying, that there existed not the slightest foundation for the reports which were then spread of advice secretly conveyed, or of influence behind the throne, or of communication, direct or indirect, with his previous ministers, pending the discussion with 'the talents,' or before their removal from the administration had been established. Nay, on that occasion, he placed in my hands, unopened, a letter addressed to him, before that event was positively fixed, by one of the leaders of the opposite party, and I have it to this day, with a minute to that effect."

"I declare that, during the whole period of my attendance upon King George the Third, not one sharp word, not one expression of unkindness or impatience escaped his Majesty; and the change of deportment in this respect conveyed to me, at least, the first intimation of the approach of that calamity, of which I had the misfortune to witness the distressing progress and the melancholy effects."

We shall now proceed to the vindication of Her Majesty Queen Charlotte:—

"Queen Charlotte was a woman of excellent sense; and although her qualities were not brilliant, and had not been improved by early education, she had since acquired a general knowledge of most subjects which form the ordinary topics of rational conversation. Her intercourse with many persons of information and talents enabled her to take a fair share in general conversation, nor did she ever commit herself by what she said. I have already observed, that she had not the advantage of a good education; and she came to England with many German prejudices, which she does not appear to have entirely shaken off. I admit that her Majesty was plain in person; and that age, frequent childbirth, and infirmities, had destroyed the symmetry of a figure, which those who had seen her Majesty on her arrival in England described to me in favourable terms. But these are contingencies to which others also may be subject, without blame attaching to them. I deny that the manners and disposition of Queen Charlotte rendered her unamiable: on the contrary, those who approached her found her courteous and obliging; and surprise was often expressed that her manners were so good as to

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cause one to forget that her figure was otherwise than graceful. She was kind and considerate towards her attendants and servants, most of whom had passed many years in her service; and she listened readily to the suggestions of any arrangement that could conduce to their comfort. Her Majesty was ever disposed, in the parties which she gave at Frogmore, or at her dinner or card table, to encourage amusement and cheerful conversation; but, on the other hand, she adhered strictly to etiquette; and she knew how to check the approach to any thing like familiarity of manners, or too great freedom of conversation. In other respects there was no restraint; her society, and that over which she presided, was very much like that of any other well-regulated house. Her demeanour was affable and cheerful, not stiff and unbending; and the presence of the Princesses and their ladies rendered the circle in all respects agreeable and attractive.

Queen Charlotte's court was most respectable, such as became the queen of a country where good morals and irreproachable conduct are happily still held in estimation; and the effect which its character produced on the public, and on society, was also happily the reverse of that described by the author of the article in the *Edinburgh Review*. I grant that it was not a gay court, that the amusements in town and country were not much varied; and if blame attached to the Queen, it was for not sufficiently considering that her daughters had arrived at a time of life when greater indulgence, and some relaxation from uniform routine, would have been agreeable and reasonable; but that uniformity of routine had become habitually imperative, a sort of second nature; and allowance may be also made for the circumstances under which her Majesty was occasionally placed by the recurrence of the King's lamentable illness.

All this is surely the very essence of true no meaning—it amounts only to the negation of positive vice. The following is more to the purpose:—

"No charge can be more groundless than that heretofore advanced, and now repeated in such unmeasured terms by the author of the article, that parsimony and avarice were prominent features of Queen Charlotte's character; and the imputation can have arisen only from the circumstance that her expenditure, and above all, her charities were free from ostentation. I speak from knowledge of fact, her Majesty's receipts and disbursements having, for some years, passed through my hands. Avarice and parsimony, combined with a large income enjoyed during many years, would naturally produce hoards of treasure and accumulation of property; but it was shown by her Majesty's executors, Lord Arden and myself, that there had been scarcely any saving. It was also stated that her Majesty's private bounties and charities had been extensive: care was taken by us that justice should be done to her Majesty's memory in this respect, and that the public should be undeceived; yet this odious accusation, this slander, is now revived in terms more virulent, more venomous, more coarse than any that ever were used."

Here we are content to drop the subject. The professed vindication of George the Fourth is a mere pleading in mitigation.

Three Expeditions into the Interior of Eastern Australia, &c.

[Second Notice.]

WE return, according to promise, to the third and most important of Major Mitchell's expeditions into the interior of Australia. Near the end of the year 1835, he received the commands of the Governor of New South Wales to complete, as soon as possible, the survey of the Darling—to trace that river down from the farthest point reached in his last journey, to its confluence with the Murray; and then, embarking on the latter stream, to ascend it, and examine its valley upwards, to the precincts of the colony. Three-and-twenty men, besides Mr. Stapylton, the assistant surveyor, formed his party: provisions for some months were packed in carts; and, when the expedition arrived in the plains of Bathurst, a hundred sheep and five fat oxen

were added to its supplies. An equally valuable acquisition was made, at the same time, in the services of a native, who called himself John Piper, who spoke English tolerably well, and agreed to accompany the expedition in the capacity of interpreter.

On the 17th of March, the party advanced to Buree, beyond the frontiers of the colony, where a short delay was employed in exploring the limestone caves, which, like those of Wellington valley, farther north, contain great quantities of fossil bones. The drought which had afflicted the colony during the preceding season, was now found prevalent in the interior, to such an extent as to endanger the success, or even the safety, of the expedition. Little water remained in the wells or ponds, and the Lachlan, along the banks of which lay the intended route to the Darling, was, with the exception of a few pools, quite dry. Tall gum trees along the banks, now alone marked the course of that river down which the boats of its first explorer had floated in 1817. "I had," says Major Mitchell, "during the last winter, drawn my whale boats 1600 miles overland, without finding a river where I could use them; whereas Mr. Oxley had twice retired by nearly the same routes, and in the same season of the year, from supposed inland seas." The point where Mr. Oxley had left the Lachlan, and turned southwards, was accidentally ascertained by the discovery of a tree, on the bark of which were still legible the initials of his name, and of that of his companion, Mr. Evans. The "noble lake" described by Mr. Oxley, and named by him Regent's Lake, supplied by a creek from the floods of the river, was visited by Major Mitchell, who found it converted into a grassy plain, with a little water, not above a foot deep, lodged at its eastern extremity. Innumerable ducks, black swans, and pelicans, still dwelt on the site of the lake, as if in expectation of the return of its waters. Some natives, in the middle of the pool, were busy in gathering freshwater muscles—an operation performed altogether with their toes. They appeared to derive abundant sustenance from the shell-fish, wild fowl, and perhaps, too, from the wild cattle of their swampy domains. The men were strong, healthy, and muscular; not black, but of a bright copper colour; and one of them measured six feet four inches in height.

The occasional distress endured by the expedition, owing to scarcity of water, was perhaps fully compensated for by the firmness of the ground, incidental to a dry season. Yarra trees, of great height, marked the banks of the river; and wherever pools of water still remained, the chirping of birds, and the loud chattering of parrots assembled in the trees around, were sure to betray it. Here, Major Mitchell first became acquainted with the Balyan, a starch obtained from the root of a large reed, or bulrush, and from which the inhabitants of these occasionally marshy countries appear to derive their chief support. "They take up the root of the bulrush, in lengths of about eight or ten inches, peel off the outer rind, and lay it a little before the fire; then they twist, and loosen the fibres, when a quantity of gluten, exactly resembling wheat flour, may be shaken out, affording a ready and wholesome food for the natives at all times." The species of Eucalyptus, called Yarra, attains a gigantic size on the banks of the Lachlan, as well as on the Darling. Its height often exceeds a hundred feet; and the bark being of a shining white or red colour, it is conspicuous at a great distance, marking out, for the traveller, the course of the chief rivers. The beauty of its varied forms is enhanced to the imagination, by its habitual association with the living waters. On the lower part of the Lachlan, pools were more frequent, and the general appearance of

the country improved. In some spots, the air was perfumed by the fragrant trefoil, discovered in the previous journey, and called Calomba by the natives, by whom it is eaten. Marching over a thirsty plain, towards a stately row of Yarra trees, our traveller at length arrived on the banks of the Murrumbidgee, of which he gives the following description:—

"This magnificent river was flowing within eight feet of its banks, with considerable rapidity, the water being quite clear, and it really exceeded so much my expectations, (surpassing far the Darling, and all the Australian rivers I had then seen,) that I was at first inclined to think this noble stream could be nothing less than the Murray; which, like the Darling, might have been laid down for aught I knew, too far to the west. At all events I was delighted to find that this corner of Australia could supply at least one river worthy of the name. After thirsting so long amongst the muddy holes of the Lachlan, I witnessed, with no slight degree of satisfaction, the jaded cattle drinking at this full and flowing stream, resembling a thing of life, in its deep and rippling waters. Now, at length, there was an end to the privations we had so often suffered from want of water; and the bank of the river was also clothed with excellent grass—a pleasing sight for the cattle. Reeds appeared in patches back from the river; but, unlike the banks of the Darling the best and clearest ground was on the immediate bank of the Murrumbidgee."

From one of the tribes on the Lachlan, a widow, named Turandurey, having with her a child of four years old, agreed to accompany the expedition as a guide; and her services as an interpreter were soon found extremely valuable, for the male natives, on their first meeting with one another, are extremely shy, and slow in their advances; their ceremony on such occasions being evidently founded on mutual mistrust; whereas the women are privileged to talk without restraint. Hence, as often as native tribes were met with, Turandurey began the parley with the strangers, and when their reserve had been got the better of, Piper came forward. But when the warriors of the Murrumbidgee, after chatting across the stream with the widow, and begging that the sheep, of which they seemed much afraid, might be removed, swam over courageously to the camp of the expedition, it appeared that Piper could not at first understand their language. He, having acquired his whole stock of philological knowledge from his intercourse with gangs of convicts, declared that those natives spoke "Irish." Another native, however, from the vicinity of Regent's Lake, served as interpreter between him and the Murrumbidgee tribe, from whom he then learned, that the Murrumbidgee joined a much larger river, the Milliwà (Murray), a good way lower down; and that these united streams met, at a still greater distance, the Oölawambiloa (Darling), a river from the north, which received a smaller one, bringing with it all the waters of Wambool (the Macquarie). The connexion of the rivers, therefore, which was the chief object of the expedition, was thus clearly ascertained, from the accounts of the natives. The country along the Murrumbidgee had a good appearance, but the trunks of the trees bore, nevertheless, the marks of extensive inundations. Among these trees were observed some mounds of ashes, of no very dignified origin, but still, regarded as ancient monuments of the human race in Australia, not without some degree of interest. The Australian natives usually cook their food on heated stones; but in alluvial tracts, where stones are not to be found, their culinary process is at first difficult, until a good heap of ashes is accumulated to serve them as a fire-place. They always light their fires, then, on the same heap, which increases, accordingly, to an immense size in the course of years. In the open forests near the Murrumbidgee, our traveller saw some of these heaps, which had

been, perhaps, ages in accumulating, and were subsequently enclosed by the great trees, the growth of centuries, which had sprung from them.

The difficulty of the ground near the river, and the risk attending a direct course across the plains, owing to the scarcity of water, induced Major Mitchell to divide his party, and, leaving one-third of their number encamped not far, as it afterwards appeared, from the junction of the Murrumbidgee and Murray, to press forward with the remainder to survey the Darling. He soon reached the banks of the Murray—a magnificent stream, 165 yards wide, and discoloured apparently by a slight flood. Further on, a large body of armed natives made their appearance; and it was perceived, with grief, that they were the tribe dwelling on the Darling who had so much harassed the preceding expedition, and had now advanced a long way, as the natives at the Murrumbidgee had stated, to prevent the Major's progress. But some of his followers, alarmed at the near approach of the savages, or deficient in forbearance, fired upon them; their companions flew to arms, and the natives, immediately routed, hid themselves in the bushes, or leaped into the river, leaving some of their number dead or wounded on the field. After this defeat, though they hung on the flanks of the expedition, or followed it at a distance, they caused it no further serious annoyance. But in the absence of the enemy, the sandy plain over which the route lay, matted together by thorny plants, supplied a new host of torments. The *Eucalyptus dumosa*, and prickly grass, which give consistence to these loose and barren sands, are thus described by our author:—

"The root of the *eucalyptus dumosa* resembles that of a large tree: but, instead of a trunk, a few branches only rise above the ground, forming an open kind of bush, often so low that a man on horseback may look over it for miles. The heavy spreading roots of this dwarf tree, and the prickly grass, together occupy the ground between each bush, and prevent them from growing very close together; while the stems being leafless except at the top, and also thus isolated, this kind of eucalyptus is almost proof against the running fires of the bush. The prickly plant resembles, at a distance, in colour and form, an overgrown bush of lavender; but the pedestrian and the horse both soon find, that it is neither lavender nor grass, the blades consisting of sharp spikes, offering real annoyance to men and horses, as they shoot out from each bush in all directions. No animal eats these tufts, for, however young, they are completely armed. Neither will any one tread on them, and, growing singly, the fire which checks all other Australian vegetation, cannot touch them; consequently, these two plants flourish undisturbed, and seem intended to bind down the sands of the vast interior deserts of Australia."

Striking boldly across the desert towards the north-west, Major Mitchell arrived at the Darling on the last day of May. At the first sight of its green and stagnant water, he could scarcely believe that it was the same stream, the course of which he had followed a hundred miles further northward; but the natives assured him that it was the channel of all the waters of Wambool (the Macquarie) and Callawatta (the Upper Darling). He traced it up till he found it reduced to a chain of ponds, and was able to walk dry-shod across its sandy bed. The reflections which the disappearance of the stream gave rise to in his mind, are thus recorded:—

"As I stood on the adverse side of this hopeless river, I began to think I had pursued its course far enough. The identity was no longer a question; and the country we had seen there, and now found on both sides here, and all around as far as I could penetrate or see, was one unvaried desert. The Murray, unlike the Darling, was a permanent river, and I thought it advisable to exhaust no more of my means in the survey of deserts, but rather employ them and the time still at my disposal, in exploring

the sources of that river according to my instructions, and in hopes of discovering a better country."

The Darling, near its junction with the Murray, widens considerably, assuming the character of a creek from the latter river; and hence Capt. Sturt, who ascended it but a mile or two, doubted whether it was not the greater river of the two; but as it flows for some hundreds of miles over a sandy soil, without receiving a single tributary of any importance, it is evident that it can hardly rival a stream which is fed from copious springs throughout the greater part of its course. On the plains between the Murray and the Darling were seen burial places of a new description, and peculiar to that tract. The cemeteries of the natives near the Bogan are like gardens, the green sward covering the graves, and the walks between them being kept in neat order. The inhabitants of the Darling bury their dead in mounds; but near the Murray, the grave is surrounded by a triple furrow, and over it is erected a hut, in which sleeps some near relative of the deceased. The exploring party returned to the camp near the junction of the Murrumbidgee and Murray, on the 10th of June; and two days later the expedition crossed the latter river, and commenced tracing its course upwards on the left bank towards the south-east. "The country," observes our author, appeared, on the whole, superior to any that we had seen on the right of this river. The grassy flats, backed by hills covered with pine, seemed very eligible for cattle runs." The soil was of the richest description, and the country under reeds seemed to Major Mitchell capable of being converted into good wheat land, on the borders of what is, periodically at least, a navigable stream. The appearance of mountains in the southern horizon was a cheering variety to those whose eyes had dwelt so long on the monotony of desert plains. Full rivers, numberless little lakes, a rich soil, with open forest like a park, and hills in the distance, fed the hopes of the travellers, and continually prompted them to new exertions. The hopes inspired by the scene are thus expressed in the reflections of our author, as he looked from the summit of Pyramid Hill, a heap of rocks about 300 feet in height:—

"Its apex consisted of a single block of granite, and from this the view over the surrounding plains was exceedingly beautiful, as they shone fresh and green in the light of a fine morning. The scene was different from anything I had ever before witnessed, either in New South Wales or elsewhere, a land so inviting and still without inhabitants! As I stood, the first intruder on the sublime solitude of these verdant plains as yet untouched by flocks or herds, I felt conscious of being the harbinger of mighty changes there; for our steps would soon be followed by the men and the animals for which it seemed to have been prepared."

Turning his back on the river Murray, Major Mitchell now travelled south-westwards nearly 100 miles, over a varied country, and then an equal distance westwards, having on his left, or south of him, a group of mountains, which he named the Grampians. The numerous rivers which he crossed, all flowed towards the north-west; and some of them, as the Yarrayne, the Loddon, and further on the Wimmera, were full and rapid streams: the last named of these probably reaches the sea on some part of the coast between Cape Northumberland and Lake Alexandrina. The soil appeared everywhere fertile; but our limits will not permit us to cite the admiring exclamations which every new scene called forth from our author. Let the following serve as a specimen of all:—

"We had at length discovered a country ready for the immediate reception of civilized man, and fit to become eventually one of the great nations of the earth. Unencumbered with too much wood, yet possessing enough for all purposes; with an exuberant

soil under a temperate climate; bounded by the sea-coast and mighty rivers, and watered abundantly by streams from lofty mountains: this highly interesting region lay before me with all its features new and untouched as they fell from the hand of the Creator! Of this Eden it seemed that I was only the Adam; and it was indeed a sort of a paradise to me, permitted thus to be the first to explore its mountains and streams—to behold its scenery—to investigate its geological character—and, finally, by my survey, to develop those natural advantages all still unknown to the civilized world, but yet certain to become, at no distant date, of vast importance to a new people."

An excursion to the highest summit of the Grampians, named by our author Mount William, did not reward him for the toil it cost. He spent the night on the summit of the mountain, with the thermometer at 27°, and the rocks encrusted with ice. At sunrise, a cloudy atmosphere allowed him but a momentary glimpse of the surrounding country, sufficient, however, to satisfy him that towards the sea, there were no mountains to bar his progress. Having passed the range of the Grampians, therefore, he turned southwards:—

"We now," he proceeds to relate, "moved merrily over hill and dale, but were soon, however, brought to a full stop by a fine river flowing at the point where we met it, nearly south-west. The banks of this stream, were thickly overhung with bushes of the mimosa, which were festooned in a very picturesque manner with the wild vine. The river was everywhere deep and full, and as no ford could be found we prepared to cross it with the boats. But such a passage required at least a day, and when I saw the boats afloat, I was tempted to consider whether I might not explore the further course of this river in them, and give the cattle some rest. It was likely, I imagined, soon to join another where we might meet with less obstruction. This day everything was got across save the empty carts, and the boat-carriage, our camp being thus established on the left bank. One bullock was unfortunately drowned in swimming across, having got entangled in the branches of a sunken tree, which, notwithstanding a careful search, previously made in the bottom of the stream, had not been discovered."

"The river was here on an average 120 feet wide, and 12 feet deep. Granite protruded in some places, but in general the bold features of the valley through which this stream flowed, were beautifully smooth and swelling; they were not much wooded, but on the contrary almost clear of timber, and accessible everywhere. The features were bold and round, but only so much inclined, that it was possible to ride in any direction without obstruction; a quality of which those who have been shut up among the rocky gullies of New South Wales, must know well the value. I named this river the Glenelg, after the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies."

It was found impossible to examine this river far in the boats, owing to the thick bushes and branches of trees interlacing where the stream divided into several channels; and it was difficult to follow its course to the sea by land, as numerous tributaries, in deep valleys, flowed to it from all directions. These difficulties, however, did not blind Major Mitchell to the natural advantages of the region near the river. He says, "the country on its banks was, as far as I could see, the finest imaginable, either for sheep and cattle, or for cultivation. It seemed that the land was everywhere alike good, alike beautiful: all parts were verdant, whether on the finely varied hills, or in the equally romantic vales, which seemed to open in endless succession on both banks of the river." And again he remarks, "A more bountiful distribution of the waters for the supply of a numerous population could not be imagined, nor a soil better adapted for cultivation." The course of the river from south-west turned southwards, and was followed with difficulty by the carts over soft ground and across numerous rivulets. At length the stream being much increased in width, the boats were

again launched on it, and Major Mitchell anxiously embarked to explore the Glenelg to the sea. On the second day of the voyage, the river had a breadth of 100 yards, and a mean depth of five fathoms. The narrative of the third day we shall give in our author's words:—

"This morning I found there was a rise of six inches in the river, evidently the effect of tide, as the water was brackish, although still fit for use. The reach on which we embarked afforded us a perspective view for a mile further down the river; the vista being truly picturesque, and with the interest attached to the scene, it looked indeed quite enchanting. We pulled on through the silent waters, awakening the slumbering echoes with many a shot at the numerous swans or ducks. At length another change took place in the general course of the river, which from west turned to east-south-east. The height of the banks appeared to diminish rapidly, and a very numerous flock of the small sea swallow or tern indicated our vicinity to the sea. The slow-flying pelican also, with its huge bill, pursued regardless of strangers, its straight-forward course over the waters. A small bushy island next appeared, having on it some rocks resembling what we should have thought a great treasure then, a pile of flour bags, and we named it accordingly the Isle of Bags. Soon after passing the island, a few low sandy-looking hills appeared before us, and we found ourselves between two basins wherein the water was very shallow, although we had sounded just before in four fathoms. As a wide basin which then appeared directly before us had no outlet, we proceeded into another on the right, and on rounding a low rocky point we saw the green rolling breakers of the sea through an opening straight before us, which proved to be the mouth of the river. It consisted of two low rocky points, and as soon as we had pulled outside of them we landed on the eastern one. In the two basins we had seen, there was scarcely sufficient water to float the boats, and thus our hopes of finding a port at the mouth of this fine river were at once at an end. The sea broke on a sandy beach outside, and on ascending one of the sand hills near it, I perceived Cape Northumberland. * * * There was no reef of rocks upon the bar; a circumstance to be regretted in this case, for it was obvious that the entrance to this fine river and the two basins, was merely choked up with the sand thrown up by the sea. The river was four fathoms deep, the water being nearly fresh enough for use within sight of the sea shore. Unfortunately perhaps for navigation there is but little tide on that coast; the greatest rise in the lower part of the river (judging by the floating weeds), did not exceed a foot."

Thus it appears that the mouth of the Glenelg resembles that of the Murray, on a small scale,—the two shallow basins indicated by Major Mitchell forming together a miniature representation of Lake Alexandrina: the projection of sandy peninsulas from the south-east showing, in both cases, the operation of currents in that direction. Having rejoined his party, and advanced about thirty miles eastward, Major Mitchell made an excursion southwards to Portland Bay, where he made the pleasing discovery of British enterprise flourishing on a part of the coast far removed from colonial establishments. He was at first somewhat alarmed at the traces of white men, supposing that they might be bushrangers: the agreeable surprise which followed is thus related:—

"We ascended these cliffs near the wooden houses which proved to be some deserted sheds of the whalers. One shot was heard as we drew near these sheds, and another on our ascending the rocks. I then became somewhat apprehensive that the parties might either be, or suppose us to be, bushrangers, and to prevent if possible some such awkward mistake, I ordered the men to fire a gun and sound the bugle; but on reaching the higher ground we discovered not only a beaten path, but the track of two carts, and while we were following the latter, a man came towards us from the face of the cliffs. He informed me in answer to my questions that the vessel at anchor was the 'Elizabeth of Launceston,' and that just round the point there was a considerable farming establish-

ment belonging to Messrs. Henty, who were then at the house. It now occurred to me that I might there procure a small additional supply of provisions, especially of flour, as my men were then on very reduced rations. I therefore approached the house and was kindly received and entertained by the Messrs. Henty, who as I then learnt had been established there during upwards of two years. It was very obvious indeed from the magnitude and extent of the buildings, and the substantial fencing erected, that both time and labour had been expended in their construction. A good garden stocked with abundance of vegetables already smiled on Portland Bay: the soil was very rich on the overhanging cliffs, and the potatoes and turnips produced here, surpassed in magnitude and quality any I had ever seen elsewhere. I learnt that the bay was much resorted to by vessels engaged in the whale fishery, and that upwards of 700 tons of oil had been shipped there that season. I was likewise informed that only a few days before my arrival five vessels lay at anchor together there, and that the communication was regularly kept up with Van Diemen's Land by means of vessels from Launceston. Messrs. Henty were importing sheep and cattle as fast as vessels could bring them over, and the numerous whalers touching at or fishing there, were found to be good customers for farm produce and whatever else could be spared from the establishment.

"Portland Bay is well sheltered from all winds except the east-south-east, and the anchorage is so good that a vessel is said to have rode out a gale even from that quarter. That part of the western shore where the land is highest, shelters a small bay which might be made a tolerable harbour by means of two piers or quays erected on reefs of a kind of rock apparently very favourable for the purpose, namely amygdaloidal trap in rounded boulders. The present anchorage in four fathoms is on the outside of these reefs, and the water in this little bay is in general smooth enough for the landing of boats. A fine stream of fresh water falls into the bay there, and the situation seems altogether a most eligible one for the site of a town. The rock is trap, consisting principally of felspar; and the soil is excellent, as was amply testified by the luxuriant vegetation in Mr. Henty's garden."

The Messrs. Henty had carefully examined the southern coast of Australia before they settled in Portland Bay, and their preference of that situation is a sufficient proof of its excellence. They thoroughly explored the circumjacent country, and, if we mistake not, had given the name of Surrey to the river now named by Major Mitchell the Glenelg. They are ship-owners as well as agriculturists and graziers, and possess the means, with the knowledge and practical skill requisite to raise their settlement to speedy importance. Returning to his party, Major Mitchell resumed his march north-eastwards, keeping as nearly as possible on the ridge which separates the waters flowing towards the interior from those descending directly to the sea. During this part of his journey he ascended Mount Napier, called by the natives Munroa, which proved to be a long extinct volcano. The crater measured 446 feet in its greatest breadth, and about 80 feet in depth. The frequent swamps which now occurred in our traveller's road over a country abounding in springs, obliged him at length, after a long and patient struggle with difficulties, to leave the heavy carts and tired cattle behind, with some of his party, while he hastened home with the remainder, to obtain a fresh stock of provisions. The details of this portion of his journey need not be here related, nor is it necessary to dwell on the reiterated praises of the country, which, as Major Mitchell now crossed near their sources, the numerous streams that lower down intersected his route south-westwards from the Murray, continued to be well watered and verdant. He passed through a hilly country of some extent, in which the rock was lava; limestone was of frequent occurrence. He made an excursion to Mount Mace-

don, from which he obtained a view of Port Philip, and then travelling a little to the north of the track of Messrs. Howell and Hume, who, in 1824, first crossed overland from the colony to Port Philip; and also of that followed by the author of 'A Month in the Bush,' (see *Athen.* No. 546,) he reached a cattle station on the Murrumbidgee, about 70 miles from the borders of the colony, on the 24th October; his fatigues were then speedily forgotten. The party which had been left behind arrived in safety about three weeks later.

The accomplishment of a journey so long and arduous, and so rich in valuable results, was a just matter of triumph to Major Mitchell; the native interpreter Piper, also, who conceived himself the second in command, evinced by his exultation his consciousness of the extent to which he had contributed to its success. He was now clad in a scarlet coat, was loaded with presents from all sides; and disdaining the title of king, for in his opinion there were too many kings, he received a badge on which he was entitled "Conqueror of the Interior." Proud of his newly-acquired wealth and consequence, he retired to his native plains of Bathurst. Nor had Turandurey, and her little daughter Ballandella, less cause to bless the day which connected them with the expedition. The poor child had fallen from a cart at the commencement of her journey, and the wheel passing over her had broken her thigh. This misfortune, by making her acquainted with humane attentions, expelled the savage from her breast. The broken bone was set, and she gradually recovered; she soon learned to prefer bread to snakes and lizards. The mother, unremitting in her attentions to her child, and strongly attached to her, yet convinced of the happier destiny of her sex among white men, consented to give up Ballandella to Major Mitchell, under the guidance of whose children the young native of the Lachlan has already learnt to read. Turandurey herself having grown fat from kind treatment, married King Joey of the Murrumbidgee, a worthy termination of her faithful services.

As we have already expressed decidedly, though briefly, our approbation of Major Mitchell's volumes, we shall not now enter into a detailed repetition of their merits. We cannot, however, pass in silence over the Major's indefatigable activity in ascending every eminence, taking angles, and reconnoitring the country; nor the systematic firmness and resolution with which he forced his way through all the difficulties opposed to him by the nature of the ground. He is evidently one who makes light of physical hardships; and the alacrity with which he was obeyed shows that he knew how to inspire his followers with the same soldier-like feeling. Of the importance of his discoveries, it is impossible to entertain a doubt. It was a fortunate and judicious determination on his part, to quit the deserts and seek the continuation of the south-eastern mountain chains; he has thus found a country of running waters and perpetual verdure. Nor will it be long before these discoveries are taken advantage of; the energy and enterprise of the British in Australia rival the bold spirit of the Far West. Already there is a post established between the new town of Melbourne, in Port Philip, and Sydney, a distance of 500 miles; and, what is still more remarkable, a herd of cattle (about 350 head) from Yass plains, arrived in April last at Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, in the gulph of St. Vincent, distant about 700 miles from the frontiers of the colony of New South Wales. The cattle were driven along the banks of the Murrumbidgee and the Murray, and forded the latter river and the Darling without difficulty. "The feed and water," says the *South Australian Ga-*

zette, "were everywhere abundant, and the natives friendly." We need hardly add, that the speculation proved a very profitable one.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Translations from the Lyric Poets of Germany, with Brief Notices of their Lives and Writings, by John Macray.—*Gethsemane, or the Death of Julia*, translated from the original French of M. de Lamartine, by J. H. Urquhart.—Though Mr. Macray keeps closer to his originals (which he has found chiefly among the gentler German poets), than Mr. Urquhart, the latter is, of the two, the more effective, inasmuch as the exuberant passion of De Lamartine's elegy on his daughter, presented more salient features than the sighs of Kerner, or the love-conceits of Matthison, or the impressions of Heinrich Heine. Mr. Macray's little book, however, will be an assistant to the younger German students.

Poems and Songs, Humorous and Satirical, by Alexander Rodger.—The words and *Political* ought to have been added to the songster's title-page: for two-thirds of the ditties contained in this collection partake of the bitter and personal humour of the election squib. The author's best song—"Behave yourself" before folk—is already sufficiently familiar to the English public: some of his other Scottish strains are racy, but none offer themselves as suitable for extract. He writes most easily and successfully in his own national "Doric" dialect.

The Life and Services of Commodore William Bainbridge, United States Navy, by Thomas Harris, M.D.—Another contribution to the History of the American Navy. Though but slightly done, it contains narratives of adventures and services, sufficiently striking to interest the English as well as the transatlantic reader.

Méthode Pratique, ou l'Art d'apprendre le Français, by L. A. Coupelier.—We are assured by those who speak from experience, that the course recommended by M. Coupelier is a good one. *Abrégé de Grammaire Anglaise*, par C. J. Wilkin.—A brief and therefore useful little work, by the English professor at the college of Louis-le-Grand.

Guide Books.—These, the fruits of the season, are more abundant than we have leisure to harvest with due care. For the present, therefore, we must content ourselves with announcing the publication of a *Guide through Ireland*, by James Fraser, with a map and engravings, and papers on the mineral structure of Ireland by Prof. Secler, and on the botany by Mr. J. T. Mackay.—*Osborne's Guide to the Grand Junction Railway* is another comprehensive work, illustrated in like manner.—*A Guide to the Lakes of Killarney and the South of Ireland*, by a Pedestrian, is utterly valueless as a guide book. It is an unpretending account of a hasty journey from Waterford to Kilkenny, and thence by the Shannon and the canal to Dublin.—*The Thames and Thanet Guide* contains a great deal of information in small compass and at a cheap price, and is illustrated with maps and many wood engravings.—*Drake's Railroad Maps*, of the route from London to Liverpool, with an account of the rules, regulations, &c., is a useful pocket companion for the traveller.—*The Beauties of Richmond* is a prettily illustrated little volume;—and the *Tour to Hampton Court* contains a general notice of the palace, and a catalogue of the pictures; but as these are shortly to be opened to the public free of expense, we trust some one will get up a guide book for the use of the "holiday folk," which shall contain as much or more information than this "Tour," and be sold at one third the price.—The last we have to notice, is *Richardson's Descriptive Companion through Newcastle-on-Tyne and Gateshead*, written,

printed, and published, as stated in the preface, within four months, and no doubt as a guide to the many strangers who lately assembled there. Under circumstances, the work is creditable to the compiler, but the next edition may be judiciously abridged.

List of New Books.—An Essay towards a Science of Consciousness, by J. L. Murphy, 12mo. 4s. cl.—*Calligraphia Græca et Pœcilographia Græca*, by J. Hodgkin, imp. 4s. 12s. bds.—*Brown's English Termination of Words*, 12mo. 1s. 6d. swd.—*Evening Meditations, or Reflections on unaccomplished Prophecy*, by W. Snell Channery, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—*Dallas's Cottager's Guide*, Vol. II. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—*Liston's Operative Surgery*, new edit. 8vo. 22s. cl.—*Warren on Tumours*, royal 8vo. 16s. cl.—*Evening Meditations*, by the Author of "Morning Meditations," 12mo. 5s. cl.—*Guizot's History of the English Revolution*, translated by L. H. R. Coutier, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. cl.—*Jones's Manual of Mental and Moral Philosophy*, 2s. 6d. cl.—*Hall's (Bishop Joseph) Peace of Rome*, new edit. 8vo. 6s. cl.—*Dorman's Principles of Truth*, 6s. cl.—*Patten on Church Government*, 8vo. new edit. 7s. 6d. cl.—*Des Carrières's French Phrases*, new edit. 16mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—*De Forquet's Parisian Phraseology*, 12mo. new edit. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Vanostrecht's Livre des Enfants*, new edit. 12mo. 2s. bds.—*Sinclair on Grammars*, 8vo. 4th edit. 30s. cl.—*Bingley's Stories about Instinct of Animals*, square, 4s. cl.—*Shipman's Law and Practice of Landlords and Tenants*, part I. 12mo. 17s. bds.—*Nunneley's Anatomical Tables*, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—*Pilcher on the Structures and Diseases of the Ear*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—*De Forquet's First German Reading Book*, 6s. 3d. cl.—*Smythies's Stepping Stone to the Law of Real Property*, 8vo. 7s. bds.—*Jameson's Beauties of the Court of Charles II.*, new edit. 2 vols. imp. 8vo. 24s. cl.—*Burke's Landed Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland*, Vol. IV. royal 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.—*Sacred Minstrelsy*, edited by Jane Strickland, 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—*The Flaxen-headed Cow-Boy*, by J. Bishop, 16mo. 1s. 6d. bds.—*Popular Tales of the Olden Time*, 2 vols. 18mo. 5s. cl.—*Paley on Convictions*, 3rd edit. by E. Dean, 8vo. 18s. bds.—*Dickinson's Guide to the Quarter Sessions*, new edit. by S. Talfourd, 8vo. 30s. bds.—*Groce and Pegge's Glossary of Provincial and Local Words used in England*, royal 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR SEPTEMBER.

KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY AT THE APARTMENTS OF

THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1838. SEPT.	9 o'clock, A.M.			3 o'clock, P.M.			External Thermometers.				Rain in inches, at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.		
	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Dew Point at 9 A.M. in Fahrenheit.	Diff. of Wet and Dry Bulb Ther.	Fahrenheit.					Self-registering	
	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.		Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.				9 A.M.	3 P.M.					Lowest
S 1	30.108	30.102	62.2	30.070	30.066	64.0	56	04.5	61.0	67.5	54.0	69.5	W	A.M. Lightly overcast. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Ev. The same.	
⊙ 2	30.140	30.136	63.0	30.142	30.136	64.4	55	06.0	61.5	65.2	57.0	68.5	.030 NW	A.M. Overcast. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening. The same.	
M 3	30.190	30.186	62.6	30.128	30.122	64.0	53	05.0	60.0	66.5	53.0	68.0	SW	{ A.M. Lightly overcast. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening. The same, with light wind.	
⊙ T 4	29.998	29.994	65.5	29.854	29.850	65.0	55	04.2	59.0	67.2	52.0	69.0	SSW	{ A.M. Overcast—light fog. P.M. Fine—it, clouds—brisk wind. Ev. The same.	
W 5	29.612	29.608	65.2	29.516	29.512	65.2	61	04.8	64.0	68.7	59.8	69.0	S	{ A.M. Overcast—brisk wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds—high wind. Evening. The same.	
T 6	29.290	29.286	63.6	29.272	29.268	65.0	59	02.2	59.2	64.2	58.0	69.0	.372 SSW	{ A.M. Overcast—rain early. P.M. Dark heavy clouds—brisk wind. Evening. Overcast—brisk wind.	
F 7	29.344	29.340	64.5	29.332	29.328	65.0	60	05.5	63.5	66.0	57.4	64.5	.050 S	{ A.M. Heavy clouds—light brisk wind. P.M. Lightly overcast—brisk wind. Evening. Heavy shower—brisk wind.	
S 8	29.640	29.636	60.0	29.780	29.776	61.0	51	03.0	52.0	55.2	52.0	68.0	.036 NNE	Overcast—brisk wind throughout the day.	
⊙ 9	30.220	30.214	57.0	30.262	30.258	58.5	46	03.5	51.5	58.3	44.5	56.0	SW	Overcast—light fog and wind throughout the day.	
M 10	30.406	30.400	57.0	30.414	30.408	58.0	49	04.0	51.5	58.4	46.5	59.5	NW	Overcast—light fog and wind throughout the day.	
T 11	30.548	30.544	55.5	30.510	30.504	56.2	47	02.0	48.7	59.3	45.0	59.5	NW	Lightly overcast, with light fog throughout the day.	
W 12	30.500	30.496	56.5	30.404	30.400	57.0	50	03.0	53.2	64.5	47.5	60.0	SW	A.M. Overcast. P.M. Fine—light clouds the remainder of the day.	
T 13	30.328	30.324	58.0	30.252	30.248	59.0	53	03.7	57.8	63.2	51.5	65.0	W	Overcast throughout the day.	
F 14	30.146	30.142	60.2	30.100	30.096	60.0	55	05.0	61.0	64.4	52.5	64.0	SW	Lightly overcast, with light wind nearly the whole of the day.	
S 15	30.088	30.084	60.0	30.050	30.042	61.8	59	02.0	59.5	65.2	59.0	65.0	NW	Overcast—light fog and wind. Evening, Fine and clear.	
⊙ 16	30.078	30.072	61.4	30.028	30.020	61.2	55	06.0	55.8	66.7	50.8	65.2	N	A.M. Light fog and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Ev. Cloudy.	
M 17	30.072	30.066	60.6	30.042	30.034	62.7	55	04.5	59.3	64.9	55.3	67.7	NNE	Fine—light clouds and wind nearly the whole of the day. Ev. Cloudy.	
● T 18	30.056	30.050	59.9	30.006	30.000	61.3	54	05.7	57.3	59.5	52.4	67.8	NE	Cloudy—light brisk wind nearly the whole of the day. Ev. Overcast.	
W 19	29.948	29.940	58.7	29.886	29.880	59.6	53	03.1	54.4	57.4	54.6	60.4	NNW	Overcast—very light rain and wind throughout the day.	
T 20	29.858	29.850	60.2	29.852	29.844	60.9	54	04.6	57.6	61.4	54.6	58.6	.022 SW	{ A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy. Ev. Fine & clear.	
F 21	29.850	29.846	58.2	29.848	29.840	59.8	49	03.0	50.7	59.3	46.3	63.8	S	{ A.M. Light fog and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening. Fine starlight night.	
S 22	30.000	29.992	58.3	29.968	29.960	57.8	50	04.7	53.7	60.4	42.8	60.2	SSW	{ A.M. Fine—light fog and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening. Cloudy.	
⊙ 23	29.918	29.910	57.3	29.892	29.886	60.2	54	05.3	57.6	63.5	52.7	60.6	S	{ A.M. Overcast—very light rain. P.M. Overcast—brisk wind. Ev. Fine rain.	
M 24	29.918	29.910	57.9	29.826	29.818	57.9	53	04.2	54.7	53.3	51.0	63.7	.038 N	{ A.M. Overcast—very light rain and wind. P.M. Light steady rain—high wind. Evening. The same.	
T 25	29.820	29.814	56.9	29.836	29.830	57.9	52	02.7	51.6	55.2	50.4	56.3	.750 W	Overcast, with occasional light mist nearly the whole of the day. Evening. Cloudy.	
W 26	29.988	29.980	55.2	29.980	29.972	57.0	52	01.7	48.8	57.7	47.3	55.3	SSW	{ A.M. Thick fog. P.M. Overcast. Evening. Light fog.	
T 27	29.864	29.856	56.5	29.852	29.846	56.7	53	00.9	52.6	53.8	49.2	58.3	.116 NW	{ A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Overcast—brisk wind. Evening. Fine starlight night.	
F 28	30.000	29.996	54.4	30.004	29.996	55.7	47	01.9	46.3	60.2	45.0	54.7	.783 S	{ A.M. Thick fog—deposition. P.M. Fine—nearly cloudless. Evening. Cloudy.	
S 29	30.016	30.010	55.9	30.016	30.010	56.7	53	02.9	56.3	62.2	46.5	61.0	N	Overcast—very fine rain nearly the whole of the day.	
⊙ 30	30.200	30.192	57.6	30.218	30.212	59.0	53	03.1	57.8	60.4	56.4	59.2	.050 NW	Lightly overcast nearly the whole of the day. Evening. Light fog.	
MEAN.	30.005	29.999	59.3	29.978	29.965	60.3	53.2	03.8	55.9	61.5	51.5	62.6	Sum. 2.247	Mean Barometer corrected	{ 9 A.M. 3 P.M. F. 29.923 — 29.875

Note.—The daily observations are recorded just as they are read off from the scale, without the application of any correction whatever.

9 A.M. 3 P.M.
F. 29.923 .. 29.897
C. 29.920 .. 29.823

WEEP NO MORE, SWEET VEVAY MAIDEN!

[To my last Friend—Susette la Bonne.]

Weep no more, sweet Vevay Maiden!
Though my days be o'er,
Sunk to the grave all sorrow-laden,
Prythee weep no more!

Suns shall warm thy cheek as brightly
Though my bed be cold,
Blossoms deck thy brow as lightly
Though they deck my mould:

Weep not then, kind Vevay Maiden! &c.

Careless willows round me blowing
Shall thy bowers entwine,
Streams by my ear mutely flowing
Shall flow sweet to thine:

Weep not then, fair Vevay Maiden! &c.

Winds that rave my burial ditty
Shall thy minstrels be,
Eyes that pass me without pity
Shall go worship thee:

Weep not then, fair Vevay Maiden! &c.

Though shalt be by loves attended
I have never known,
To my foreign tomb attended
By thy tears alone!

Weep not then, sweet Vevay Maiden!

Heaven for thee in store

Keeps my share of joy, dear Maiden!

Prythee weep no more!

G. D.

THE ASCENT OF THE VIGNEMALE.

BY M. LE PRINCE DE LA MOSKOWA.

[We made mention the week before last, in our *Gossip*, that the Prince of Moskowa had lately ascended the *Vignemale*. We are now enabled to lay before our readers such particulars as we think likely to interest them from his personal narrative, which has just appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.]

The *Vignemale* is the highest mountain of the French Pyrenees.—Le Mont Perdu and La Maladetta being in Spain; its bald summit commands the lake of Gaube, in which it is reflected, and its rugged flanks descend on the one side into the valley of Ossone, leaning against the Malferat, whilst, on the other, the peak rises boldly above the pass of Panticos, which the inhabitants of Cauterets traverse to enter Spain. Many attempts were made by Ramond to reach the top of the *Vignemale*, but his efforts were fruitless. There are not, for twenty leagues round, summits more rugged, or rocks more precipitous; the glaciers, which block up the approaches to it, are furrowed by enormous ravines, and the annals of the Pyrenees record more than one fatal event which the snows of the *Vignemale* have witnessed.

On the 30th of last July, I ascended the pass of Gavarnie with my brother and thirty hunters, whom we had assembled for a *battue* of the bear in the forest of Bujaruelo, in Spain, amusing myself with the recitals of exploits and adventures, more or less improbable, with which the companions of our journey sought to beguile the weariness of the rugged ascents. In counting up the number of bears which they had killed amongst them during the past year, they must, I am sure, have reached a figure which far exceeded that of all the bears killed in the Pyrenees for the last twenty years; for it must be confessed that the bear is an animal not there to be met with; its very existence is a fable. How much weariness, fatigue, and disappointment, await the inexperienced sportsman, who, like myself, has the weakness to believe in the bears of the Pyrenees!

"We are not certain to fall in with the bears at Bujaruelo," said the old Cantouz of Gédres, who was either more sceptical, or more honest than his comrades, "but if you wish, I will show you a district which no person before you has seen—twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. Would you like me to guide you to the summit of the *Vignemale*?"

We smiled at the author of this strange proposition; for we had been too thoroughly crammed with the traditions of the Pyrenees, not to know that the *Vignemale* is regarded as inaccessible. "Ah, Sir!" said Cantouz, "I found, by chance, a path unknown

to any one, and which I remember perfectly: you see these scars, they belong to wounds which were made under the glaciers of the *Vignemale*, by falling into a chasm, where I remained for five hours. I had been commissioned by a traveller, for two years, to seek a path by which to reach the summit of the mountain, with the promise of a handsome recompense if successful. During more than eight days I explored, with my brother-in-law Bernard Guillembert, the snows, the rocks, the glaciers, without being able to get near this cursed summit,—the surfaces of which are so unbroken as not even to offer footing to the izard. We despaired of success, when, on the 8th of October, 1834, an hour after noon, we were on the great glacier, which overlooks the valley of Ossone. On a sudden our footing failed, and we fell to a great depth in a ravine. Dragging ourselves on our hands and knees, we followed the course of the chasm, in water or upon the soft snow, in the hope of finding some part sufficiently narrow to permit of our regaining the surface of the glacier, by supporting ourselves between its two walls. After wandering for a long time in this labyrinth, we discovered a kind of chimney, in which we raised ourselves easily, by cutting steps to the right and left with our *crampans*, which we had detached for that purpose; and we had at last the good fortune to reappear upon the glacier. We found ourselves on a wide plain of snow, flanked by four peaks of unequal size, which it occurred to me immediately must be the summits of the *Vignemale*. It was easy to reach them, for it seemed that the ravine whence we issued, was the last obstacle to be encountered. By travelling under the ice we had escaped other passes equally difficult. We now crossed the crown of the glacier of Malferat, and were then on a fine unbroken expanse of snow. In another hour we reached the highest peak of the *Vignemale*."

[Tempted by this account, the Prince and his brother resolved to make the attempt. The narrative thus continues:—]

On the 10th of August, at eleven o'clock, we were on our way; the weather was magnificent, as is indispensable to such an enterprise; with Vincent, a guide and hunter of Luz, David, my servant, and a man to drive a pack-horse laden with clothing and provisions. * * After having got a hatchet and *crampans* at Gavarnie, where we breakfasted, we started westward, in the direction of the valley of Ossone.

We soon came to a steep and stony hill, then to a pretty wood of healthy nut-trees. Half a league further on, the road became level, to the great comfort of our horses, who, by their frequent halts, had entered protest against acclivities of seventy degrees, up which we had been forcing them. Here there is no high road: the *Vignemale* was our pole; the Gave, which issues from it, our compass. As we advanced, we kept *tacking* from right to left, to avoid the steepness of a slippery surface.

To the right, above the Gave, rises the mountain of the Combe, like an immense wall. After a two hours' march, under a sufficiently hot sun, we halted on a pretty green spot, by a spring: we had turned the Malferat, which till then we had been skirting, and the *Vignemale* glistened at last before us, displaying all the splendour of its glaciers, all the capricious forms of its peaks.

"There he is," cried Cantouz, uncovering his head respectfully before his conquest; "look at that point, which scarcely rears itself above the snow, it is the summit of the mountain. Yonder is the peak where we shall be to-morrow, please God and our Lady of Heas!" It was a case, had we been English, to call for the universal *hip! hip! hurrah!* with three times three, and to bring down an avalanche; but we have nothing analogous in French. The poverty of our language condemns us to a more expressive silence.

Up to this point our road had been made cheerful by immense flocks, scattered here and there on the ample sides of the Malferat. But after we resumed our march, we arrived at solitudes no longer animated by the grave sound of the sheep-bell, or the still deeper voice of their faithful guardians. These enormous dogs announced our passage by their intelligent barking, but there was no ill-will manifest. By degrees, the sounds of the valley lost themselves in the air. As there still remained for us a severe day's walk on the morrow, we resolved to pass the night as near as possible to the Plan d'Aube, which

is the pass leading to the valley of Serbigliana; and as it was necessary at such an elevation to have a fire all night, we could not advance far above the rhododendron, the last shrub to be found in the ascent of these mountains. We, therefore, descended again to a little valley at the foot of the Cardal, where some Spanish flocks were grazing, under the care of two shepherds. It is impossible to imagine anything more picturesque. These two stout, well-made fellows wore the dress of the Aragonese peasants, their brown faces were overshadowed by the large *sombrero*, and with every word they uttered they showed ranges of teeth as white as their own goat's milk. They were both knitting stockings for their own private wearing. We soon struck up a conversation: we asked the usual questions; they made a tender of their best services, and I employed them with others of our party to fetch wood. We soon found a place of encampment, on the edge of a pretty *gave*, by which we halted. The horses were unsaddled and turned adrift, and the pack-saddle was rummaged for coverings and provisions.

We passed the night merrily; every possible combination of rum, brandy, wine, and sugar, was exhausted by the eminently inventive genius of my brother, to keep our guides warm and in good humour; and they never ceased to sing '*La-haut sous las montagnes*' in the most sonorous of voices, to do honour to masters so considerate. Thus our dinner passed off successfully, with a shade too much, perhaps, of wastefulness, for which our next night's supper was to suffer.

In a brotherly spirit, we invited the Spaniards to take their places at our banquet; they came, knitting in hand. These good fellows were not wholly ignorant of the arts, for having, each of them, drained an enormous glass of punch, they sang, at our request, a song in the time of a fandango, ending in loud cries similar to those uttered by the Arabs of Mount Atlas. To their cries *Perro*, their large dog, answered, by giving tongue *au grave*. At last their songs ceased, the shepherds went to lie down with some of our party on the dry stones in their den, offering us a place there. But the recollections of a night passed in the best inn at Poitiers induced my brother and myself to decline this hospitable shelter: and those of our guides, who, like ourselves, did not wish to run the risk of the Spanish *Coula*, stretched themselves round the fire, which was kept up all night. How sublime were the heavens on that night! Ye who have never bivouacked on the Cardal know not what a fine night is!

Next morning we ascended the Cardal, and towards seven were within sight of the Plan d'Aube, but we did not traverse it immediately, for we lost three quarters of an hour in a fruitless attempt to surprise an izard, which was feeding above the pass. After having traversed the Plan d'Aube, and descended into Spain through the valley of Serbigliana, we advanced for another half league towards the right, and stopped at the foot of Malferat. Here we left our horses and began the ascent on foot.

We now moved upward in a northern direction, and above the valley of Serbigliana. At first the road is almost level, skirting the base of the mountain for an hour or two, and I kept at the head of the column to regulate the pace. We soon came to a steep ascent, with loose slates and stones. This was most fatiguing; these avalanches of stones, or *lavanges* as they are called, must be rapidly passed—you must not stop—you should, indeed, scarcely plant your foot, for the least displacement of the stones causes an incalculable disturbance—all the mountain seems in motion. It would be imprudent for any one to attempt to resist the current; he would be swept away. It was with pleasure that we quitted this moving earth for the solid rock; for the latter, with a good head and a little address, you can manage well enough. This part of the mountain, which is not very steep, was easily traversed. One point now brought us to a halt. Imagine a natural chimney, a score of feet in height, and so narrow that the body could scarcely enter it. Where were we to place the points of our iron-shod sticks? where set our feet? The danger was not great, but the obstacle seemed all but insurmountable. It is difficult to say how we got through it; yet, in truth, it detained us but a short time. The *Vignemale* was waiting for us. This reminds me of an answer given to the Count

de Stednigk, by a French grenadier during the war of independence in America, where the Marshal served as a volunteer. A French company had scaled a fort, situated on so precipitous a rock that when M. de Stednigk, then a junior officer, came there, he could not but express his surprise; and he asked of a grenadier, "How, my friends, did you contrive to get up?" "Ah, Captain," replied the soldier, "it was because the enemy was here!"

Towards eleven o'clock we made our first halt. Already more than one chain of mountains extended itself at our feet; behind us, the Vignemale raised its peak among sharp-pointed rocks; to the right, an enormous amphitheatre displayed its marble circle, like that of the Oval of Gavarnie and that of Troumouse. We took some provisions from our guides' bag and breakfasted. Cantouz proudly carried my barometer; he appeared to attach much importance to the mountain's height being ascertained with certainty. When we arrived within sight of the snows, we saw a herd of ibexes gently traversing these slippery declivities, and pointing out our road. We no longer worked our way upwards by means of the walls of rock. The scene here spread out, and we advanced in a long line, choosing at pleasure the place for our steps. Many of the huge stones, blanch and polished by the waters, appeared ready for the sculptor's studio. Directing our steps towards the left of the arch formed by the walls of the amphitheatre, we were presently at the foot of the great glacier. There a new halt took place: it was requisite to fix our crampons firmly, to tighten and close our *espadilles*, to mix rum with ice water, and fill a bottle with it, for our luncheon on the summit—for the heat was extreme, and henceforward we could find no water; then commenced the most fatiguing and monotonous march imaginable, upon snow whose whiteness dazzled us. In proportion as we advanced it grew more precipitous and more firm;—each guide in his turn taking the lead, and cutting steps in the snow. We advanced in file, one behind another, and scarcely at every new tack gaining ten yards. We had now been on the snow more than two hours and a quarter; and it was necessary to leap a very deep ravine, for the glacier does not join the rock closely, because of the heat, which melts the snow; but this was easily effected. I remarked here, with surprise, some flies upon the snow. I know that Ramond has described them as found on Mont Perdu; they were very lively.

Already our respiration had become difficult, the quickness of the pulse increased, and, in spite of our feelings of strength and elasticity, we were obliged often to pause for breath. The rock which we had to climb is of primitive limestone. I saw nothing resembling granite, and the Vignemale is, almost to a certainty, of the primitive formation, like the Marboré and the Mont Perdu, than which it is only some yards lower. When fatigue begins, all efforts to advance become mechanical, and great distances are accomplished almost without taking notice. The similitude of every object, joined to that troublesome gasping for breath, made our rough road monotonous and wearisome, and we now crept forward on hands and feet. It was necessary, however, to awaken up at the sight of the precipice, which towers over the pass of Panticou. Never, I confess, did I dream of anything so frightful; I did not attempt to measure its height, for it was with repugnance that I looked upon it. In advancing towards the summit of the first peak of the Vignemale, the rock was ridged like the roof of a house, and we had to make our way astride along it. There nature has placed an enormous tunnel, which Cantouz called the chimney of the Vignemale; and a stone falling through this opening is not stopped till it reaches the valley. After some desperate efforts, I reached the top of the rocks, and found myself on an immense circular plain of snow—evidently a colossal basin, round which arose four peaks of unequal size—the four summits of the Vignemale.

We rested for an instant on the edge of this crater, but we had no time to lose, and by an optical effect, which I soon recognized as a deception, the peak still to be climbed seemed of itself a mountain. The fear of not having sufficient time for our barometrical observations, and, above all, of not finding ourselves in a fair way to return before night, made us hasten onward, across the plain of snow. We

took the precaution to walk in file, each of us holding a rope, that if one slipped into a ravine he might be sustained by the weight and the strength of his companions. David, my servant, was the only person to whom the precaution was of use—he was already shoulder-deep in the snow when we drew him out. We arrived without accident at the foot of the Vignemale, and, finally, at the summit of the peak, at half past two, an hour after our last halt, as Cantouz had promised us.

The panoramic view I shall not attempt to describe—a geographical chart of the Pyrenees could only imperfectly give an idea of it. Our first care was to make our barometrical observations, then to build up a little tower for the purpose of hoisting a flag, which we planted thereon, and saluted with a discharge of musketry, and drunk the health of the Vignemale.

To our extreme surprise a voice answered us. It was not an echo, but, indeed, a far-off human voice. How was this to be explained? We swept with our glasses all the neighbouring mountains, without finding a trace of a human being—when a little black speck on the surface of the Lake de Gaube attracted our attention. It was a fisherman's boat—and it must, almost to a certainty, have been thence that we were answered. In spite of the distance, this did not appear to astonish our guides, who were delighted to know that the people of Cauterets would, that very evening, learn the result of our adventure.

Before our departure, we left beneath the flag-staff a bottle, in which was a paper containing the details of our ascent.

From observations, the height of the Vignemale above the level of the sea, should be 11,221 feet, supposing, according to Pasumot, Luz to be 390 toises above the sea.

It was now necessary to depart. We soon reached the snow, which we crossed without accident. Yet it was easy to feel that the energy of our will had till then sustained our legs, and that, after success, they were disposed to give way a little. We had to guard against one great danger, that of rolling down the stones upon those who went before. I was one of the first who attacked the glacier. We were all bruised upon the rocks, and we hoped to rest ourselves by sliding down the snow. We had resumed our *crampons*, and promised ourselves some amusement in descending these *montagnes russes*. I took but little care, not imagining they were so steep as to be at all dangerous. Thus, at the first step, I was thrown over, but fortunately kept hold of the girdle of my guide. However, my *crampon* turned, and I again lost my equilibrium, let go my hold, and then I began to descend, sliding on my back. Unluckily I had no stick; I perceived immediately that the rapidity of my progress began every instant to increase in a frightful manner, and, above all, by the shouts on every side of me, that I was in great danger—I was shot off like a rocket down a declivity of sixty-five degrees, which it had cost us two hours to ascend, and at a rate which made it impossible but that I must lose my breath if it continued. I thought with a shudder of the rocks below; but I did not lose my presence of mind, and continued to keep myself on my back. Bernard Guillembert, however, had thrown himself forward at a lower point to try and stop me. Having buried his stick and his *crampons* in the snow, he awaited me at a little promontory formed by the rocks, which pushed out on the glacier. As well as I could I steered for him, and had the good fortune to reach the spot. The shock was so violent that I overset him; but the diversion effected by this rencontre saved me; for having suddenly some little way further, I was stopped by a projection of the rock, towards which I extended my feet. The blow was violent, as may be imagined; nevertheless, with the exception of a large bruise on the heel, and being slightly stunned, I experienced no ill consequences, and was able to rise almost immediately. Bernard was near me, covered with blood, his arms almost dislocated; for, placing himself before me, to stop me, he had not chosen a position sufficiently solid: the blow had struck him like a thunderbolt, and the poor fellow had rolled over the stones head foremost.

My brother then began to descend, leaning one hand on the shoulder of Cantouz, the other on his iron-shod stick, and walking with all the caution which my ac-

cident inspired—still, in spite of his precautions, he had not made three steps when he slipped, dragging his guide with him. The efforts of the guides to stop him proved useless; in vain they buried their sticks in the snow. I saw them both launched on the terrible descent. Baptiste threw himself across their path, plunging three-fourths of his stick in the snow; leaning against this prop, and with his feet planted, as it were, in the glacier. The stick broke; but Baptiste, overthrown, had the good luck to stop himself by the handle, which he still held. Judge of my anxiety, when I saw that rapid course accelerating, every instant, my brother and his guide descending always together. At last, when about to be dashed against a frightful jutting-out rock, Vincent precipitated himself with intrepidity before them, with a desperate blow, burying his whole hatchet in the snow. He waited, fixing his eyes on them. I held my breath—and, thank God! in spite of the violence of the shock, he had strength enough to resist it, and to stop them on the very verge of the abyss!

This episode cast a serious shade over our success, and the descent, though finished without new accidents, wanted the light-hearted gaiety of our outset. It was dark night when we arrived in the valley of Serbiagliana, at the place where we had left our horses, too late to travel further; and we were obliged to pass the night there, even without fire. Fortunately, the weather was beautiful, and we did not suffer much from the cold. We returned to Luz in the course of the following day, and Bernard's accident, I am happy to say, was not followed by any ill consequences.

SALMON FISHERIES.

This subject having been brought under the consideration of Parliament during the last Session, and being likely again to occupy public attention, we submit the following letter for the consideration of those interested, without pledging ourselves to the particular opinions of our correspondent. The destruction, to a great extent, of salmon in estuaries by animals of prey, is confirmed by the evidence of some of the stake-net fishers, given in the Parliamentary Reports.

Aug. 31, 1838.

In No. 549 of the *Athenæum*, there is a dissertation on salmon fisheries—you will not therefore, I presume, object to a small notice on this subject, especially from one who has paid a good deal of attention to that subject.

The number of salmon which is brought to market has been diminishing for at least half a century. Before that time it was customary, in the maritime counties, to insert, in the indenture of parish apprentices, a clause to restrain the master from feeding his apprentice on salmon more than twice or thrice a week. The writer of this article remembers to have frequently seen more than a hundred salmon taken in a single haul of a snan at a wear, where now it rarely happens that there are more than two or three taken in a week; and he has in his possession the weekly accounts of a fisherman, with the owner of the same wear, in the months of September and October, of the years 1799, 1780, and 1781, by which it appears, that at that time there were daily taken from 700 to 900 weight of salmon, which were sold at 1d. per lb.

The decrease of salmon has been attributed to various causes: by some to the destruction of the old fish during the spawning season; by others to the establishment of factories on the streams which are frequented by the salmon; by others to the use of lime in agriculture: that either of these causes may tend to prejudice the breed of any sort of fish, there can be no doubt; but my belief is, that the decrease of salmon is principally attributable to the increase in these seas of the white shark.

On the river to which I have alluded, the destruction of salmon has ever been practised at all seasons, when the water would admit, without its being suspected, till of late years, that it tended to injure the fisheries; the fact being, that the great body of breeding fish does not ascend the stream till November, when the river is usually so high by means of the autumnal floods, it rising and flowing through a mountainous or hilly country, that the arts of the poacher are unavailing; and the fish being so prolific, that, although the fry was taken in baskets at the mill tails, and pigged with them, a sufficient number escaped to supply the market to the extent which I have described. Of factories, there are none on the stream; and with regard to lime employed in agriculture in the vicinity of the river, none is carried excepting during the summer months, after the young fish have descended to the estuary. Moreover, the use of lime is not new in that neighbourhood; and salmon are found to decrease in numbers in those streams, in the vicinity of which lime is not used. In the year 1806, was passed an act of parliament, which enabled magistrates, in Quarter Sessions, in their respective counties, upon application of the proprietors, to put a river in fence during five months in the year: the river in question was put in fence from the 1st of October to the 1st of March, for the three following years; and the writer of this article, himself a magistrate of the county, and a considerable proprietor of salmon fish-

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erica, resided during those years at a house situated some miles up the stream, for the purpose of protecting the young fish in their descent to the sea; and so effectually did he succeed, that the oldest inhabitants declared they never remembered so large a quantity of fry to escape as during that period: the river was full of them; but notwithstanding the quantity of young fish which escaped to the sea, salmon were never more scarce than in the summers which followed those abundant springs. It was evident that the salmon was destroyed at the estuary, where it could only be done by fishes of prey, for the art of man was there unavailing; or if it availed, it was only to a very limited extent.

In high northern latitudes, which are unfrequented by the shurk, we learn from the Journal of Captain Ross, in his voyage towards the Arctic Pole, and from the accounts of the travellers in the northern parts of America, that the breed of salmon in those parts continues undiminished, notwithstanding that salmon, when it is attainable, constitutes the chief food of the natives, and the numbers which must necessarily be destroyed by the seals and porpoises, which are found in those regions.

A fisherman, who lives in my neighbourhood, assures me that he never knew so great a destruction of the young fry as took place during the last spring; nor for ten years past, the market so well supplied with salmon, as it has been during the present summer. To what are we to attribute the great supply of salmon during the summer after the great destruction of the fry during the spring, except to this, that great as was the destruction of the fry during the spring, it did not materially affect the stock which descended to the sea; and the summer having been unusually rainy, the river has been continually swollen, so that the fish, instead of remaining at the estuary for want of water, to enable them to ascend the stream, as they do in dry summers, to be devoured by fish of prey, have run up the river and been taken at the weirs?

Moreover it is not only the breed of salmon which has diminished—mullet, basses, whiting, all those round fish which are migratory, are also within my recollection become scarcer: many of the herrings are half eaten as they hang in the meshes of the net—a circumstance which formerly rarely happened; and all fishermen agree, that the dog-fish are much more numerous than they formerly were. I suspect that these dog-fish are actually the white shark, which in our cold latitudes does not reach the size to which it attains in warmer seas, but is equally active and voracious.

The diminution of the number of round fish is a fact known to our sailors and fishermen, and by them ascribed to the steam-vessels, by which those fish are frightened from their former places of abode. That a steam-vessel may frighten a fish from a spot over which it passes is not improbable; but it is not likely that a fish, so disturbed, should for ever quit its native place. It is far more probable that the destruction of weaker fish is occasioned by the increase of a ravenous enemy.

It will be asked, Were there formerly no white sharks in our seas? I believe that, although we had formerly a sufficient quantity of dog-fish, a smaller fish of the shark tribe,—we had not the white shark; that the white shark was not originally a native of our latitudes; that it has been brought here by following vessels across the Atlantic, which it is known frequently to do, and even into the docks; and that being arrived in our seas, it has become an inhabitant, although, as I have already observed, it is more diminutive than in the latitudes from which it originally came.

In those parts of the British empire where there is little or no intercourse with warmer climes, the breed of salmon, and I believe of other fish, continues undiminished. I was at Ballyshannon about ten years ago, in the month of July, and was informed by the respectable gentleman who rented the fishery there, that although that fish may only be taken by law from the 12th of May to the 12th of August, he had, in the preceding year, paid a rent for the fishery of 500*l.*, another for nets and attendants, and had made a profit of 300*l.*, selling the fish, by contract, at 4*d.* per lb. and he added, that salmon are equally abundant, as at Ballyshannon, in every part of the northern and western coast of Ireland.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

B.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The Recherche has, we perceive, returned to Brest, from her voyage to the North Polar Sea. She was twelve days in harbour in Spitzbergen, where the cold experienced by the expedition was intense: but our contemporaries erroneously magnified—30° of Reaumur's thermometer into—67½° Fahr., when it is in reality only—45½°. Capt. Ross while in Boothia, had for days together a temperature of—64°; and in Yakutat a cold of—70° is not unusual. We cannot suppose, therefore, that the progress of the Recherche was stopped by a temperature of—45½° Fahr. From Spitzbergen she proceeded to Hammerfest, in Norway, where several of the *savans* have remained, in order that, with the assistance of Lieut. Due, (who accompanied Hansteen in his Siberian tour), and Prof. Boeck, they may study the natural history of the Scandinavian peninsula, and connect it with that of the Polar regions. M. Gaimard, however, the scientific leader of the expedition, has returned to France, during the season of inactivity.

A bold stroke has just been attempted by the celebrated French academicien De Blainville, in support of the doctrine (founded on geological evidence) of a gradual and uniform advance towards perfection in the scientific developement of animal organization. According to this distinguished savant, the

supposed fossil opossum which so prematurely pitched its quarters in the neighbourhood of Stonesfield, many ages before warm-blooded animals ought to have appeared on this planet, thereby sorely perplexing the upholders of the "progressive" theory, may have belonged to a genus of the lizard tribe; or, if not referable to a member of the reptile kingdom, should at any rate be regarded as more closely related to the seals than to the family of terrestrial *mammalia*, in which it has been placed by Cuvier, Broderip, and others profoundly versed in the science of paleontology. M. de Blainville follows up the exposition of his "*doutes sur le prétendu Didelpho fossile de Stonesfield*" by proposing that the generic name *amphitherium* be adopted for the fossil remains hitherto improperly placed in the genus *Didelphis*. M. de Blainville has, however, already met with an opponent in M. Valenciennes, who communicated a memoir to the French Academy, on the 10th of September last, in which he states that the original Stonesfield jaw, now in the Ashmolean Museum, was examined by him and compared with the corresponding portion of the skeletons of *mammalia* and *reptilia* in the extensive museum of the Jardin des Plantes, and that by this comparison he is enabled fully to confirm the correctness of Cuvier's determination. He thinks, however, that the Stonesfield remains are sufficiently distinct from existing forms to be entitled to generic separation, and he therefore proposes to place them in a new genus, *Phylacotherium*. Surely, as some half-dozen jaws of this *Botheration-therium*, we must call it, to avoid making an invidious selection of the different claimants to the right of christening, have been at various times discovered in the Stonesfield quarries; a little research on the part of the friends of science in that neighbourhood might be rewarded with the detection of some other portions of the skeleton, and thus determine a question which must otherwise, from the important deductions connected with it, be a frequent cause of philosophical contention.

It is a remarkable fact, that Vienna is the only European capital in which there is no academy or association for the cultivation of science, organized under the sanction and the encouragement of the state. It can hardly be supposed that the Austrian government should dread the effects of an increased activity of the human intellect. According to D'Alembert, princes encourage learning for the sake of diverting the minds of their subjects from the consideration of their practical interests and political rights; and one would suppose that the examples of Peter the Great, and Frederick the Great, who both did their utmost to give science a permanent abode in their respective capitals, would be sufficient to inspire the Austrian statesman with confidence, if he were at all disposed to favour the progress of science. The Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg has experienced to such an extent the munificence of its imperial patrons, that its fixed revenue is now tenfold that assigned to it by its founder, Peter the Great. Among the philosophers who lent a hand to the organization of it, was the celebrated Leibnitz, who also made great exertions, and for some time with every prospect of success, to bring about the establishment of a similar institution in Vienna. The court seemed favourable to the design, which yet, unaccountably, was never carried into execution. It was revived, about sixty years later, under Maria Theresa (in 1773), and then the foundation of an Austrian Academy of Sciences seemed quite certain; but, unfortunately, the produce of the sale of the National Almanac formed a large item in the estimate of the contemplated funds, and when all the arrangements were complete, a petition of the almanac mongers to the Empress, setting forth the injury with which they were threatened by the institution of the Academy, was sufficient to upset the philosophical fabric. Nothing further was dreamt of the special cultivation of science in Austria, till last year; when twelve men, well known for their learning and abilities, presented, by the hands of the Archduke Lewis, a petition for the establishment of an Academy of Science at Vienna. These twelve men were—Jacquin, Littrow, Prulte, Baumgartner, Elsinghausen, and Schreiber, as the representatives of the Mathematical and Physical class; and Kopitar, Wolf, Buchholz, Arneth, Chonel, and Hammer-Purgstall, for the Philological

Historical class. No notice has, we believe, been taken of this petition; and we presume that Prince Metternich does not deem it becoming in a fond and paternal government to give its subjects the pains of thinking. We shall not be so severe on him as to suppose that, as a statesman, he acts on that dislike of science, which he has conceived to it as a man of pleasure. May we venture to ask Mrs. Trollope what influence prevailed on her to exclude this remarkable literary anecdote, with all the particulars of which she was fully acquainted, from her work on Austria and the Austrians?

An interesting exhibition is now open at the Egyptian Hall, in the shape of a Model of the Battle of Waterloo, the work of Lieut. Siborn. By this, as in a bird's-eye view, the main features and details of the engagement are presented to the spectator; the whole being executed and finished with a fidelity and minuteness, that, after a short examination, cheat the eye into forgetting the scale of the work before him. We were among several military men, who were admiring the model with strong professional interest, and whose praise, it is needless to add, was doubly valuable.

The colossal statue of Marshal Mortier was inaugurated, on the 16th of this month, in the Place of Cateau-Cambresis. The statue is the work of M. Th. Bra, and said to be an excellent resemblance. The pedestal is of pale reddish marble, veined with white. The French papers further announce, that M. Ernest Alby has discovered among the nine hundred folio volumes of Manuscripts of the brothers Dupuy, in the *Bibliothèque Royale*, a correspondence of Catherine de Bourbon, Princess of Navarre, with her brother Henry the Fourth. These letters are stated to be filled with interesting details.

Last Week of the Season.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—This Establishment will positively be CLOSED on SATURDAY NEXT, the 13th instant, arrangements having been made for sending the two Pictures now exhibiting abroad. They represent TIVOLI, with a View of the Cascades, and the Interior of the BASILICA of ST. PAUL, before and after its destruction by fire. Painted by Le Chevalier Bouton. Open from Ten till Five.

THE MODEL OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, Covering a space of 630 square feet, and containing 100,000 Figures, is NOW OPEN for Exhibition at the EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—Admission, 1*s.* Open from Ten till Five in the morning, and from Six till Nine in the evening, brilliantly illuminated.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, 309, REGENT-STREET, Incorporated by Royal Charter.

This most interesting Exhibition, combining instruction with amusement, contains a Canal into which a Diving-bell descends daily with four or five persons to a considerable depth, and a diver exhibits the method of Working under water.—Also will be seen Glass Working, Printing Presses, Optical Glass Grinding, Rotary Steam Engines, Power Looms, Iron and Engine Turning, Wax-figure Making, Braid Machines, Cooking by Reflected Heat at 100 feet distance, Splendid Magnetic Experiments, Chemical and Philosophical Lectures splendidly illustrated. Powerful Microscope by Cary.—Models of the Portsmouth Block Making Machinery, &c. all in operation daily.—The Rooms contain upwards of 500 Models and Works of Art, and the spacious Laboratory is furnished with every possible convenience and apparatus of the most costly description.

Open daily from Ten to Six o'clock.—Admission, 1*s.*; Diving-bell Tickets, 1*s.* extra.

THE THAMES TUNNEL,

Entrance near the Church at Rotherhithe, on the Surrey side of the River,

Is OPEN to the Public every Day (except Sunday), from Nine in the Morning until Dark.—Admission, 1*s.* each.—Both Archways are brilliantly lighted with gas, and the descent is by a new and more commodious staircase.—The Tunnel is now EIGHT HUNDRED feet in length, and is completed to within a distance of 120 feet of low water mark on the Middlesex shore.

By order, Walbrook Buildings, Walbrook, JOSEPH CHARLIER, September, 1838. Clerk to the Company.

N.B. Conveyances to the Tunnel, by an Omnibus, from Gracechurch-street, Fleet-street, and Charing-cross; also by the Woolwich and Greenwich Steam-boats, from Hungerford, Queenhithe, Dyer's Hall, and Fresh Water, every half-hour.—Books descriptive of the Works are sold at the Tunnel, price One Shilling.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—August 6.—W. E. Shuckard, Esq. V.P. in the chair. A considerable variety of interesting insects was exhibited by different members, including a fine collection from the Himalaya Mountains by W. W. Saunders, Esq. F.L.S. A living specimen of the curious genus *Cermatin*, from Ceylon, was shown by Mr. Bowerbank; also a singular monstrosity, occurring in *Eryz niger*, by Mr. Stevens. Communications were made relative to the growth of the real Cochineal insects in the hot-houses at Claremont, by Mr. Sells; the capture, in vast numbers, of the common Spanish blister-fly near Southampton, by Dr. Hailey; and the injuries committed by a small beetle on *Ambric MSS.*, brought home by Burckhardt, in the Cam-

bridge library, by Mr. Holme, who also announced the capture of a pair of the rare *Orthophagus Taurus*, of which only a single specimen had hitherto been found in this country. A letter was read, from Mr. Spence, relative to the causes which had produced the total failure of the apple crop during the present season. It was announced that a new Part of the Transactions, and Mr. George Newport's prize essay, on the Saw-fly of the Turnip, were ready for delivery to the members.

Sept. 3.—G. R. Waterhouse, Esq. in the chair. Mr. Westwood exhibited a specimen of *Claviger foveolatus*, (a minute but highly remarkable beetle, not previously known as an inhabitant of this country,) which he had captured during the preceding week in an ant's nest in Oxfordshire; likewise a series of various insects which attack barley in granaries, together with the nests of various species of bees and wasps, whereupon Mr. Waterhouse made some observations as to the theoretical principles which lead to the hexagonal form of the cells in the hive bee. A memoir, upon the modifications to which the typical organs of the Diptera are subject, was read by Mr. Westwood.

Oct. 1.—J. F. Stephens, Esq. President, in the chair. The Rev. Mr. Taylor presented specimens of the different sexes of a species of wasp, and of *Rhiphorus paradoxus*, a singular species of beetle, which is parasitic in their nest. An extended discussion, in which several of the members joined, took place relative to the hexagonal formation of the cells of bees and wasps, in reference to Mr. Waterhouse's theory upon the subject. The following memoirs were read:—1. Notes upon the Egg-cases of the Blattæ and their Parasites, by Mr. Sells. 2. A few Words in reply to Mr. Macleay's Remarks upon the Metamorphoses of the Crustacea, by Mr. Westwood. 3. Observations on the Habits of the Cæstridæ, by Mr. Sells.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.

This Evening, DON JUAN; and THE DEVIL ON TWO STICKS.
On Monday, DON JUAN; with THE BRIGAND; and THE DUMB SAVOYARD.

COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, THE WINTER'S TALE; and HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.
On Monday, HAMLET; and THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.
Wednesday, THE LADY OF LYONS; and FRA DIAVOLO.
Thursday, OTHELLO; and (in Two Acts) THE CABINET.

DRURY LANE.—This theatre opened on Monday evening, with a large and well-satisfied audience. Mozart's 'Don Giovanni,' and the national anthem, enabling the management to display all its musical resources, which, with the addition of Mr. C. Kean by way of star, are, at present, to be the staple of its attraction. Let us say a word of the former. In the first instance, the orchestra, now led by Mr. Blagrove, and conducted by Mr. Bishop, is the best orchestra we ever heard in an English theatre. The violins are still weaker than is desirable, but the bass is solid, rich, and sufficiently powerful. We hope that leader and conductor will not be too anxious to sacrifice the spirited effects which lie fully within its power, for those delicacies which require the most exquisitely-balanced band to give them due effect,—and, we may add, singers of a refinement which our English stage does not possess. Madame Albertazzi made her first appearance here, as a regular English performer, in *Zerlina*, and told far better than she does at Her Majesty's theatre, where her more passionate Italian companions, both by singing and acting, throw her into shade. There is something, after all, in being *prima donna assoluta*; and we were prepared to find her more arch and more confident in her playing than she is elsewhere. With regard to her singing, it is no offence to Miss Betts (*Donna Anna*) and Miss Poole (*Donna Elvira*) to advise them to listen and learn—if it be not too late for both of them to get rid of the bad English traditions which make most of our artists incapable (on the stage) of standing a comparison in anything more elaborate than a ballad. Mr. Balfe (*Don Giovanni*) and Mr. Phillips (*Leporello*) afford us another opportunity for parallel. The former, with his smaller voice, his national accent, and the total unsuitability of his *physique* for the part, is fifty times more effective, from his superior method of singing, than the latter,

—whose mouthing delivery, when he is compelled to move quickly, makes him seem as if he were devouring his music. Mr. Giubilei was, as usual, clever and conscientious as *Masetto*. Hence, adding Miss Romer to the list of ladies, it may be inferred that Drury Lane is affluent in trebles and basses. In tenors, the want is grievous—and, strange to say, universal throughout England. Mr. Allen completely disappoints us, and forces his small voice till it becomes painful. Mr. Wilson has gone to America. Mr. Braham (who is engaged at Drury Lane) has been of necessity, for some years, obliged to take almost the baritone scale, instead of that high register in which modern composers luxuriate; and no destitution whatsoever can make us desire the return of Mr. Templeton. Yet the management, it is said, contemplates giving 'William Tell,' with an *Arnold* still to seek! Mr. Barnett's new opera, we are told, escapes the difficulty, by affording no part whatsoever for the voice in question. It is to be produced shortly.

THE OLYMPIC, on its opening night, paid the homage of a scanty audience to the talents of the fair absentee who rules its destinies: this is a dear price to pay for public favour, but it was never bought at less. The company evidently felt the loss of their leader, and 'God save the Queen' sounded like the dirge of the departed. The departing of the curtain, however, dissipated the gloom, and the 'Sons and Systems' of Mr. Charles Dance, moved, if not in harmony, at least in mirth. Mr. Simon Sowerby, a sour and snappish widower, and Mrs. Sweetman, a mild and sweet-tempered widow, are a brother and sister, living together in social discord; their standing subject of dispute being, the opposite "systems" on which they have brought up their respective "sons"—in the one case restraint, in the other indulgence—being the rule. Both are disappointed, though, for a time, each supposes the other only has been so, and triumphs accordingly. At last, the bitter truth comes out, that their two sons have run off and married from under the very windows of the house. The contrast of the two tempers is now heightened by the opposite effects produced upon them; the placid Mrs. Sweetman flies into a paroxysm of rage, and refuses to forgive her "dear boy," while the irritable Mr. Sowerby, coaxed by an ambassador in the shape of his daughter-in-law, disguised in male attire, is soothed by the oil of flattery, and reposes tranquilly on his vexation, consoling himself with the satisfaction of seeing his sister in a passion. This is the main idea of the piece, and it is ingeniously worked out—only that collocation of parallel cases is carried on too invariably; the characters run in couples: the two sons of brother and sister marry two cousins, and are aided by two gardeners. The minor incidents are arranged on the same balanced system, and the dialogue is conducted in a similar manner: this has an effect of formality more quaint than amusing. The acting of Farren and Mrs. Orger, as the brother and sister, is perfection. Mrs. Nisbett, as the runaway girl in disguise, makes a very dapper exquisite; and Oxberry and Brougham, as the two gardeners, contribute a full quota of fun: Brougham's Irish-Scotch is very droll. Mr. T. Green is the new gentleman; but we prefer to give him time for modifying his manner to suit the company he is in, before speaking decidedly of his qualifications. Mrs. Nisbett met with as hearty a reception as she could desire; and the audience seemed well satisfied (as indeed they ought) with so charming a substitute for Vestris. A version of an operatic piece of Scribe's, 'Le Mauvais Cœur,' the music by Mlle. Louisa Puget, called 'Mischievous Eyes,' introduced Mr. Manvers and Miss Agnes Taylor, the two new vocalists of the company; but, with the exception of the one beautiful scene painted by Telbin, there is nothing in it worthy of remark. 'Naval Engagements' followed, in which Mrs. Nisbett took the part played last season by Vestris, and J. Vining that filled by C. Mathews: the burlesque lost nothing of its pleasantness by the change.

The Bayaderes are the all-absorbing objects of attraction at the ADELPHI; and a very curious and characteristic exhibition they make, though not at all calculated for the stage. They are introduced in a trashy melo-drama, which is preceded by an occasional piece, full of ribald jests, and poor attempts at wit, tending to exalt Mr. Yates's spirit of enterprise, by showing

that he bid more than any one else. This is wretched taste; and quite in keeping with it is the caricature of Mr. Macready's personal peculiarities. This was resented by a portion of the audience, who would have applauded a mimicry of the actor, but hissed the mockery of the manager. The same objection applies to the imitation of Laporte. The most elaborate description would convey a very imperfect idea of the performance of the Bayaderes: their mode of dancing is different from anything we are accustomed to see on the stage: indeed, they were so shocked at the indelicacy of French dancing, that they are said to have burst into tears for very shame at the first sight of it; and yet their native costume is so liberal in its display of the person, that they required much additional drapery to render them presentable to an European audience: such is the difference of custom. Their dusky brown complexions, varying in tint according to their age—their jewelled noses, and gold-bedecked heads, and the profusion of gold in bracelets, belts, necklaces, and anklets, give them a barbaric aspect, which the incessant gesticulation of their dancing, and the monotony of the musical accompaniments, do not diminish. Eyes and lips, as well as arms and legs, are in constant motion; but the pantomimic expression, though strong, is not intelligible; neither has their dancing very distinct or various character.

Macready appeared as *Hamlet* on Monday, and was rapturously received. 'The Tempest,' with the text of Shakespeare restored, is announced for next week; and Mr. Knowles's new play, 'The Maid of Mariendort,' is to be produced at the HAYMARKET on Tuesday, the anniversary of the first performance of the 'Love Chase': may its success be equal.

MISCELLANEA

Fossil Vegetables.—Some years back (1822) M. Adolphe Brongniart pointed out certain affinities which appeared to him to exist between the fossil trees named by him Sagenaria and the Lycopodiaceæ. A further study of Lycopodiaceæ and the fossil genus Lepidodendron confirms him in his previous views. The characters of vascular Cryptogamia, according to M. Brongniart, are,—1st, the absence of axillary buds, and the division of the stem by terminal dichotomy; and 2ndly, the total absence of growth with regard to diameter, and of all organic changes in the stem, let the age be what it may. The Lepidodendron, in its gigantic size, not only presents all these characters but even the peculiarities of the humbler Lycopodiaceæ, and particularly the section called Selago, which only differ in dimensions; he even refers the *Lepidodendron Harecourtii* to the genus Psilotum. Further researches have brought to light the fructification of the Lepidodendron, also resembling the living family above mentioned; and therefore M. Brongniart proposes to erect this fossil plant into a distinct genus of Lycopodiaceæ.

Chrysalis of Silkworms.—A letter from M. Favand, a missionary in China, states, that during his long residence in that country he has often seen the chrysalis of silkworms used as food. He has himself partaken of them, and found them at once strengthening and cooling, and particularly good for delicate persons. After having wound the silk off the cocoons, they are dried in the frying-pan, in order to get rid of the aqueous matter. The envelope will then come off of itself, and they look like little yellow masses resembling the eggs of carp. They are fried in butter, lard, or oil, and moistened with broth, of which, that of chicken gives the best flavour. When they have been boiled in this for five minutes, they are crushed with a wooden spoon, and well stirred up from the bottom. The Mandarins and rich people add the yolks of eggs, in a proportion of one yolk to 100 chrysalises, and when this is poured over it, it becomes a golden-coloured cream, and is of an exquisite flavour. The poorer people are contented with salt, pepper, and vinegar, or, after stripping them, cooking them with oil.

Curious Documents.—The Royal Library of Paris has just purchased, of the heirs of M. Joly de Fleury, all the manuscripts relating to the proceedings against Urbani Grandier, who was burned for sorcery; among these papers is one pretending to have been signed by the Devil, under the name of Asmodeus.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.
FACULTY OF DIVINITY.
Lectures will commence on Monday, the 10th inst., at 10 o'clock, by the Rev. Mr. H. J. Wilson, on the subject of the 'Mystic.'
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Students of the Faculty of Divinity, who are to be examined in the subject of the 'Mystic,' are requested to attend the lectures of the Rev. Mr. H. J. Wilson, on the subject of the 'Mystic,' on Monday, the 10th inst., at 10 o'clock.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.
A detail of the works of the Faculty of Civil Engineering, will be given on Monday, the 10th inst., at 10 o'clock.

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY.
Prospectus of the works of the Faculty of Theology, will be given on Monday, the 10th inst., at 10 o'clock.

EDUCATION.
A Gentleman, who is to be examined in the subject of the 'Mystic,' is requested to attend the lectures of the Rev. Mr. H. J. Wilson, on the subject of the 'Mystic,' on Monday, the 10th inst., at 10 o'clock.

DR. C. J. LECHE.
Lectures will commence on Monday, the 10th inst., at 10 o'clock, by the Rev. Mr. H. J. Wilson, on the subject of the 'Mystic.'

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ADVERTISEMENTS

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.
FACULTY OF ARTS.—SESSION 1838-9.—The Session will commence on Monday, October 15, when Professor MALDEN will deliver an INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, at Two o'clock precisely.

Professor Key, A.M.
GREEK.—Professor Malden, A.M.
HEBREW.—Professor Hurwitz.
ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.—Professor Falconer, A.M.
SANSKRIT.—Professor Key.
FRENCH LANGUAGE.—Professor the Rev. S. Kidd.
ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.—Prof. Rogers.
FRENCH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.—Prof. Merlet.
ITALIAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.—Prof. Pepoli.
GERMAN LANGUAGE.—Teacher, Mr. Wittich.
MATHEMATICS.—Professor De Morgan.
NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AND ASTRONOMY.—Prof. Sylvester.
PHILOSOPHY OF THE MIND AND LOGIC.—Professor the Rev. J. Hoppus, Ph.D.
HISTORY.—Professor the Rev. R. Vaughan, D.D.
CIVIL ENGINEERING.—Professors De Morgan, Graham, and Sylvester.
In English Law, Geology, Geography, Statistics and Political Economy, and Sanscrit, the Professors are at present vacant. A Professor of Law will be appointed early in the Session.

DEGREES.
Students of this College, as one of the Institutions connected by Royal Charter with the University of London, will be entitled to be examined for Degrees in Arts and Law, and for Honours, Exhibitions and Scholarships, to be conferred by the Senate of the University.
The Matriculation Examination has been fixed for Monday, 15th of November, 1838.
The examinations for the Degrees of B.A. and M.A. are announced to take place in May or June, of B.L. in November, once a year, commencing in 1839.

FELLOWSHIP SCHOLARSHIPS.
A Fellowship Scholarship of £50 per annum, tenable for four years, will be awarded in 1839, by Examiners to be appointed by the Council, to the best proficient in Classics amongst the Students of the College under the age of 21. The examination will take place in the second week in October. Students entering in October, 1838, being in other respects qualified, will be admitted to competition in connection with those of preceding years. Printed copies of the regulations concerning these Scholarships, Prospectuses of the Classes, and any other information that may be required, may be obtained on application at the College Office, 10, Bedford-square, London, W., on or before the 1st of October, 1838. JOHN HOPKINS, Dean of the Faculty.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

CIVIL ENGINEERING AND MINING.
A detailed Statement of the Lectures, &c. in this Class, may now be obtained at the Secretary's Office. The same will commence on Monday next, the 8th instant. King's College, London, H. J. ROSE, B.D., Principal, 2d October, 1838.

SCHOOL FOR CIVIL ENGINEERS.—The Prospectus of this School, in which Theoretical and Practical Instruction will be afforded on a most advantageous and well-disposed plan, will be circulated in a few days.
B. Bucklebury, By order of the Committee, Oct. 1, 1838.

EDUCATION FOR THE PROFESSION OF A CIVIL ENGINEER.
A Gentleman who has retired to the country from the exercise of the above Profession, and taken three Pupils into his family for the purpose of qualifying them to act as Civil Engineers, is willing to increase the number to six.
Amongst the many advantages which it is conceived the opportunity offers, may be named Economy, and relief from those temptations to which young men are subjected at the most critical period of their lives in great cities.
The terms are 150 guineas per annum for each Pupil.
The most satisfactory references will be given, and will be required.

Further information may be had, and Prospectuses obtained, on application to Mr. John Weale, Architectural Library, 59, High Holborn; Messrs. Troughton & Simms, Mathematical Instrument Makers, 136, Fleet-street; Mr. Biggs, Bookseller, 53, Pall-mall; or Mr. W. H. Jones, 10, Pall-mall.
DR. COPLAND, F.R.S. &c., commenced his LECTURES ON THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE, at the MOBILE DISPENSARY, at the MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF MEDICINE, on THURSDAY, the 4th of October, at 3 o'clock.

His Lectures will be at the Hospital or School; or at 1, Bulwer-street, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.

MR. PATCH, late Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, continues to RECEIVE PUPILS in the CLASSICS AND MATHEMATICS at his Residence, No. 6, GRAFTON STREET EAST.—For particulars apply to Messrs. Taylor & Walton, 25, Upper Gower-street.

A GENTLEMAN, who has three Evenings of Leisure during the Week, wishes to give LESSONS in EDUCATION and ENGLISH COMPOSITION, either at his own house or his Pupil's residence.—Letters (post paid) to be addressed to V. X., 67, Paternoster-row.

NORTH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY
FOR THE PROMOTION OF THE FINE ARTS.

The Society is desirous of procuring a person competent to track Drawing (Light and Shade), and Colouring, to a Class to be formed in a short time.
For further particulars apply (if by letter, post paid) to T. B. Chambers, Esq. Eldon-square, or to W. Lockey Harle, Esq. Solicitor, 2, Market-lane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

SCHOOL OF DESIGN for the EDUCATION OF ARTISTS AND INSTRUCTION OF AMATEURS in the THEORY AND PRACTICE OF DRAWING AND PAINTING, possessing every requisite for the study of the human figure, anatomically, as well as in its development of perfect beauty, combined with the Elements of Geometry, Optics, Perspective, and other branches of the Fine Arts, forming also a Probationary School for the Royal Academy.—Terms may be known at Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, corner of Stream-street.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.—CAUTION.
Messrs. LONGMAN & Co. having purchased the Copyright of the above Collection, Booksellers against selling any Pirated Editions of it. It is their intention to take legal proceedings against any one whom they may find so doing.
The only genuine and complete Edition is published by Messrs. Longman & Co. in 1838.
25, Paternoster-row, Sept. 29, 1838.

COUNTY FIRE OFFICE RETURNS.
TWENTY PER CENT. Notice is hereby given, that the above Return will be allowed to such persons as have contracted seven years' Insurance during the last year, in their next Payment of Premium and Duty.
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